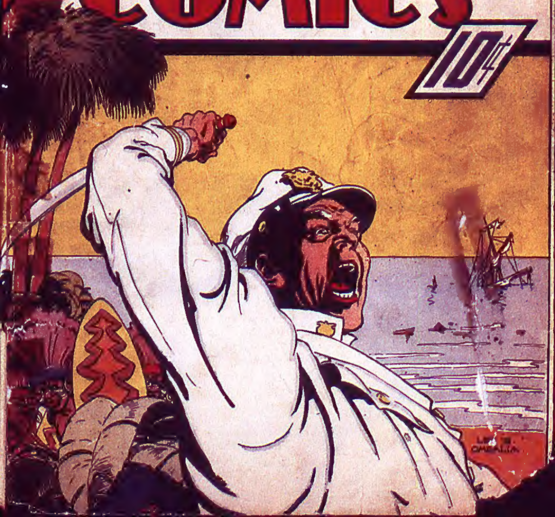
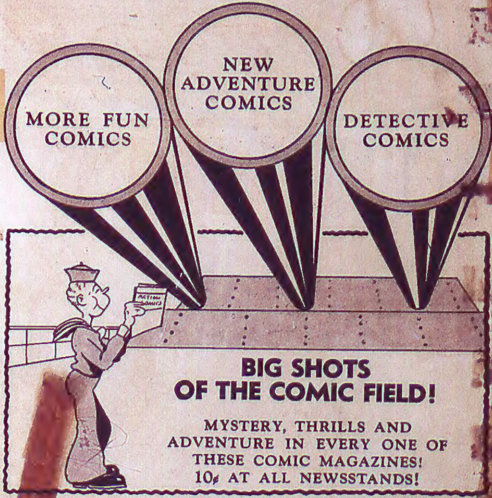
No. 3

AUGUST, 1938

ACTION COMICS

10¢


LEO E. O'MEALIA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MYSTERY, THRILLS AND ADVENTURE IN EVERY ONE OF THESE COMIC MAGAZINES!
10¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

ACTION COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN
Editor

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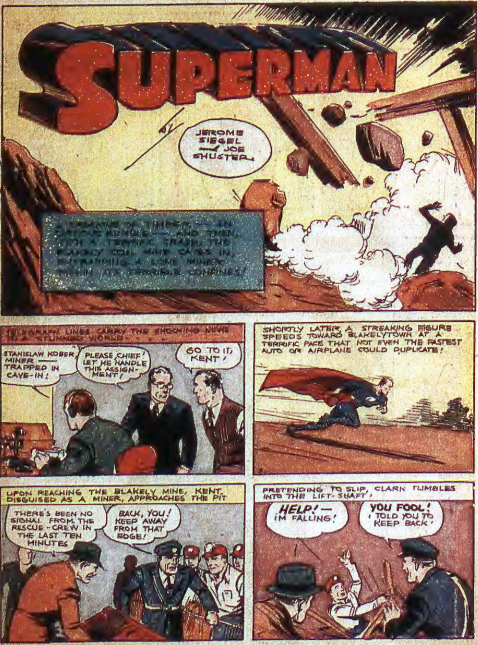
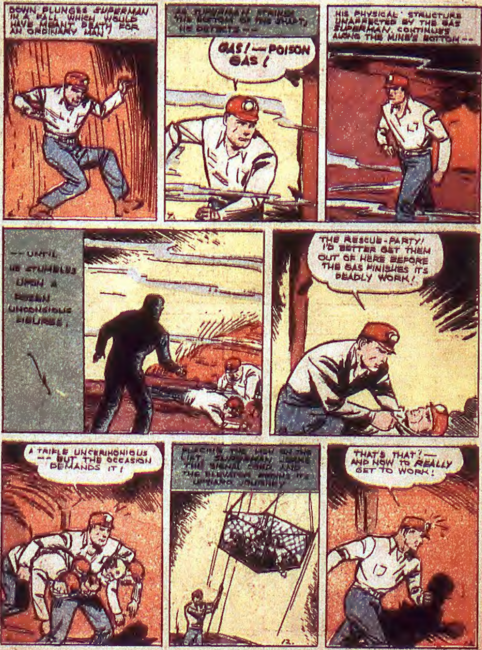
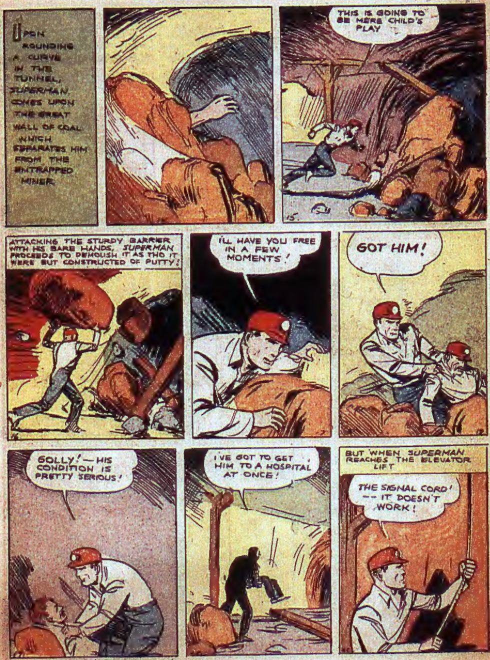
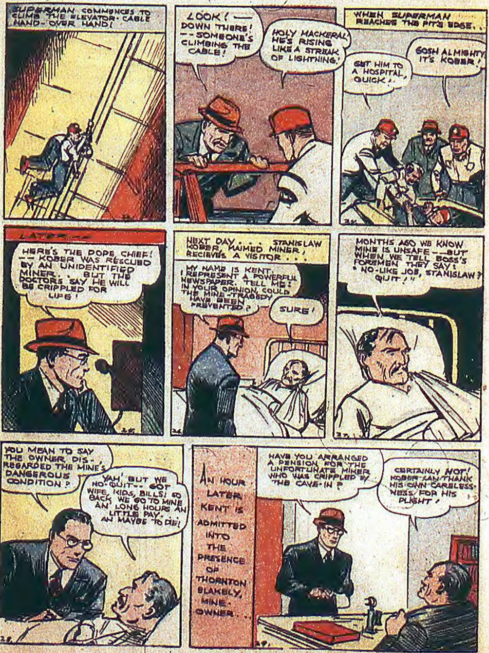
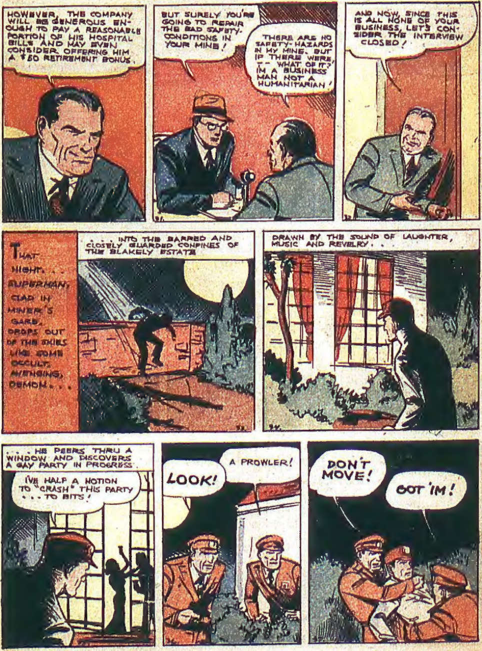
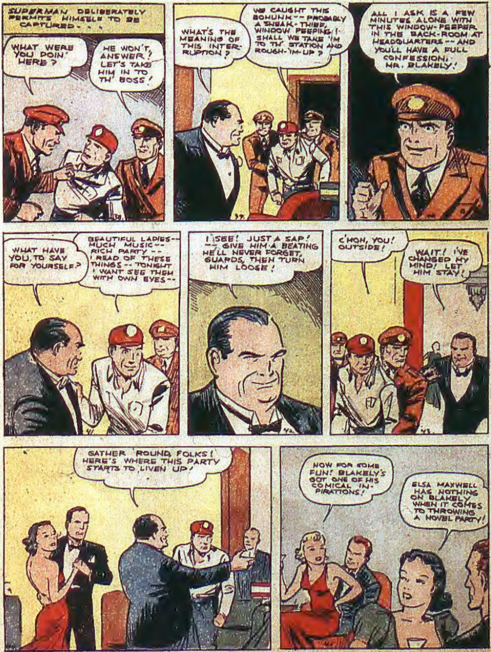

SUPERMAN
BY
JEROME SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER
A CRASHING OF TIMBERS — AN OMINOUS RUMBLE — AND THEN, WITH A TERRIFIC CRASH, THE BLAKELY COAL MINE CAVES IN, ENTRAPPING A LONE MINER WITHIN ITS TERRIBLE CONFINES!
TELEGRAPH LINES CARRY THE SHOCKING NEWS TO A STUNNED WORLD . . .
STANISLAW KOBER, MINER — TRAPPED IN CAVE-IN!
PLEASE, CHIEF! LET ME HANDLE THIS ASSIGNMENT!
GO TO IT, KENT!
SHORTLY LATER, A STREAKING FIGURE SPEEDS TOWARD BLAKELYTOWN AT A TERRIFIC PACE THAT NOT EVEN THE FASTEST AUTO OR AIRPLANE COULD DUPLICATE!
UPON REACHING THE BLAKELY MINE, KENT, DISGUISED AS A MINER, APPROACHES THE PIT
THERE'S BEEN NO SIGNAL FROM THE RESCUE-CREW IN THE LAST TEN MINUTES
BACK, YOU! KEEP AWAY FROM THAT EDGE!
PRETENDING TO SLIP, CLARK TUMBLES INTO THE LIFT-SHAFT!
HELP! — I'M FALLING!
YOU FOOL! I TOLD YOU TO KEEP BACK!

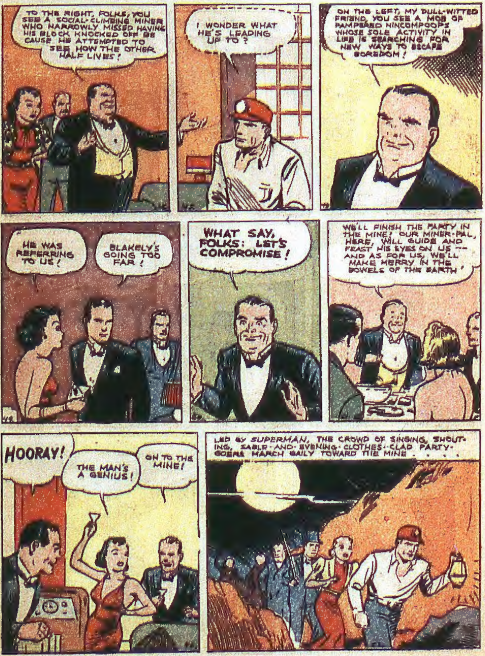

DOWN PLUNGES *SUPERMAN* IN A FALL WHICH WOULD HAVE MEANT DEATH FOR AN ORDINARY MAN!
AS SUPERMAN STRIKES THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT, HE DETECTS --
GAS! — POISON GAS!
HIS PHYSICAL STRUCTURE UNAFFECTED BY THE GAS SUPERMAN, CONTINUES ALONG THE MINE'S BOTTOM --
-- UNTIL HE STUMBLES UPON A DOZEN UNCONSCIOUS FIGURES.
THE RESCUE-PARTY! I'D BETTER GET THEM OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE GAS FINISHES ITS DEADLY WORK!
A TRIFLE UNCERIMONIOUS -- BUT THE OCCASION DEMANDS IT!
PLACING THE MEN ON THE LIFT, SUPERMAN JERKS THE SIGNAL CORD AND THE ELEVATOR BEGINS ITS UPWARD JOURNEY
THAT'S THAT! — AND NOW TO *REALLY* GET TO WORK!

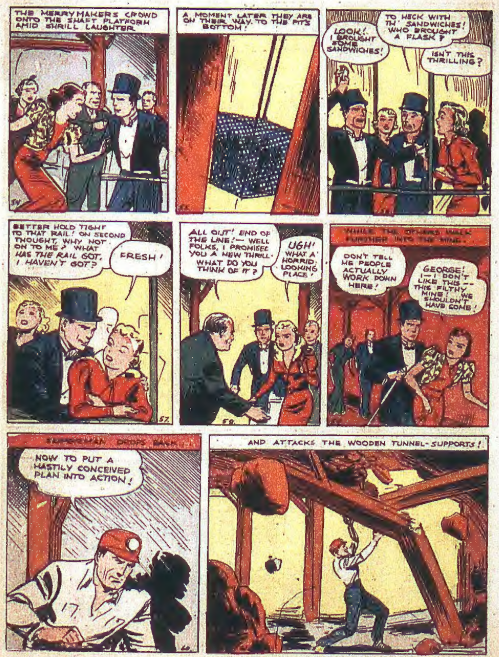

UPON ROUNDING A CURVE IN THE TUNNEL, SUPERMAN COMES UPON THE GREAT WALL OF COAL WHICH SEPARATES HIM FROM THE ENTRAPPED MINER.
THIS IS GOING TO BE MERE CHILD'S PLAY
ATTACKING THE STURDY BARRIER WITH HIS BARE HANDS, SUPERMAN PROCEEDS TO DEMOLISH IT AS THO IT WERE BUT CONSTRUCTED OF PUTTY!
I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A FEW MOMENTS!
GOT HIM!
GOLLY! — HIS CONDITION IS PRETTY SERIOUS!
I'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL AT ONCE!
BUT WHEN SUPERMAN REACHES THE ELEVATOR LIFT
THE SIGNAL CORD! -- IT DOESN'T WORK!

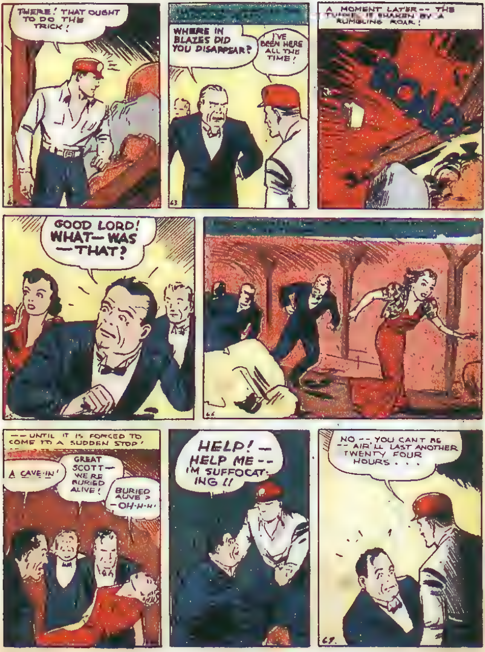

SUPERMAN COMMENCES TO CLIMB THE ELEVATOR-CABLE HAND-OVER HAND!
LOOK! — DOWN THERE! --SOMEONE'S CLIMBING THE CABLE!
HOLY MACKERAL! HE'S RISING LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING!
WHEN SUPERMAN REACHES THE PIT'S EDGE. . .
GOSH ALMIGHTY IT'S KOBER!
GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL, QUICK!
LATER——
HERE'S THE DOPE CHIEF! -- KOBER WAS RESCUED BY AN UNIDENTIFIED MINER. . BUT THE DOCTORS SAY HE WILL BE CRIPPLED FOR LIFE!
NEXT DAY . . . STANISLAW KOBER, MAIMED MINER, RECIEVES A VISITOR . . .
MY NAME IS KENT. I REPRESENT A POWERFUL NEWSPAPER. TELL ME: IN YOUR OPINION, COULD THE MINE-TRAGEDY HAVE BEEN PREVENTED?
SURE!
MONTHS AGO WE KNOW MINE IS UNSAFE——BUT WHEN WE TELL BOSS'S FOREMEN THEY SAY: "NO-LIKE JOB, STANISLAW? QUIT!"
YOU MEAN TO SAY THE OWNER DISREGARDED THE MINE'S DANGEROUS CONDITION?
YAH! BUT WE NO-QUIT-- GOT WIFE, KIDS, BILLS! SO BACK WE GO TO MINE AN' LONG HOURS AN' LITTLE PAY. AN' MAYBE TO DIE!
AN HOUR LATER KENT IS ADMITTED INTO THE PRESENCE OF THORNTON BLAKELY, MINE-OWNER. . .
HAVE YOU ARRANGED A PENSION FOR THE UNFORTUNATE MINER WHO WAS CRIPPLED BY THE CAVE-IN?
CERTAINLY NOT! KOBER CAN THANK HIS OWN CARELESSNESS FOR HIS PLIGHT!

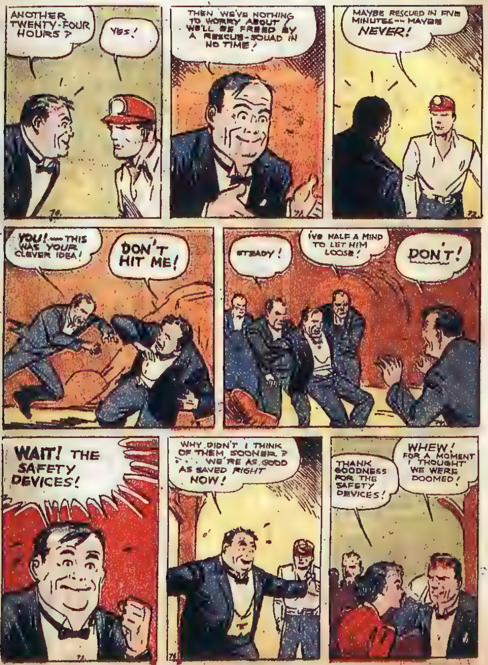

HOWEVER, THE COMPANY WILL BE GENEROUS ENOUGH TO PAY A REASONABLE PORTION OF HIS HOSPITAL BILLS AND MAY EVEN CONSIDER OFFERING HIM A $50 RETIREMENT BONUS.
BUT SURELY YOU'RE GOING TO REPAIR THE BAD SAFETY-CONDITIONS IN YOUR MINE!
THERE ARE NO SAFETY-HAZARDS IN MY MINE. BUT IF THERE WERE, -- WHAT OF IT? I'M A BUSINESS MAN NOT A HUMANITARIAN!
AND NOW, SINCE THIS IS ALL NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, LET'S CONSIDER THE INTERVIEW CLOSED!
THAT NIGHT. . . SUPERMAN, CLAD IN MINER'S GARB, DROPS OUT OF THE SKIES LIKE SOME OCCULT, AVENGING, DEMON. . .
. . . INTO THE BARRED AND CLOSELY GUARDED CONFINES OF THE BLAKELY ESTATE
DRAWN BY THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER, MUSIC AND REVELRY. .
. . . HE PEERS THRU A WINDOW AND DISCOVERS A GAY PARTY IN PROGRESS.
I'VE HALF A NOTION TO "CRASH" THIS PARTY . . . TO BITS!
LOOK!
A PROWLER!
DON'T MOVE!
GOT 'IM!

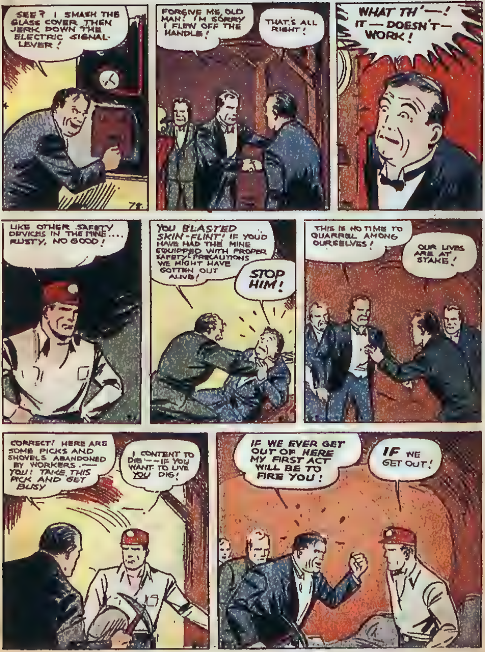

SUPERMAN DELIBERATELY PERMITS HIMSELF TO BE CAPTURED - - -
WHAT WERE YOU DOIN' HERE?
HE WON'T ANSWER? LET'S TAKE HIM IN TO TH' BOSS!
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS INTERRUPTION?
WE CAUGHT THIS BOHUNK -- PROBABLY A SNEAK-THIEF, WINDOW PEEPING! SHALL WE TAKE 'IM TO TH' STATION AND ROUGH-'IM-UP?
ALL I ASK IS A FEW MINUTES ALONE WITH THIS WINDOW-PEEPER IN THE BACK-ROOM AT HEADQUARTERS -- AND YOU'LL HAVE A FULL CONFESSION, MR. BLAKELY!
WHAT HAVE YOU, TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?
BEAUTIFUL LADIES-- MUCH MUSIC-- RICH PARTY -- I READ OF THESE THINGS -- TONIGHT I WANT SEE THEM WITH OWN EYES --
I SEE! JUST A SAP! -- GIVE HIM A BEATING HE'LL NEVER FORGET, GUARDS, THEN TURN HIM LOOSE!
C'MON, YOU! OUTSIDE!
WAIT! I'VE CHANGED MY MIND! LET HIM STAY!
GATHER 'ROUND, FOLKS! HERE'S WHERE THIS PARTY STARTS TO LIVEN UP!
NOW FOR SOME FUN! BLAKELY'S GOT ONE OF HIS COMICAL INSPIRATIONS!
ELSA MAXWELL HAS NOTHING ON BLAKELY WHEN IT COMES TO THROWING A NOVEL PARTY!

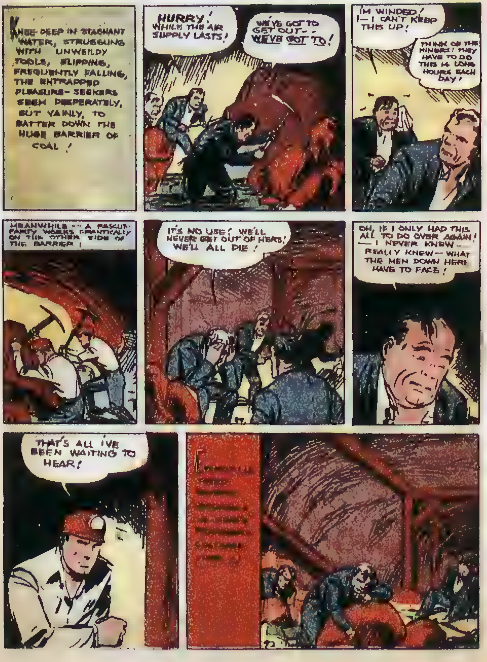

TO THE RIGHT, FOLKS, YOU SEE A SOCIAL-CLIMBING MINER WHO NARROWLY MISSED HAVING HIS BLOCK KNOCKED OFF BECAUSE HE ATTEMPTED TO SEE HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES!
I WONDER WHAT HE'S LEADING UP TO?
ON THE LEFT, MY DULL-WITTED FRIEND, YOU SEE A MOB OF PAMPERED NINCOMPOOPS WHOSE SOLE ACTIVITY IN LIFE IS SEARCHING FOR NEW WAYS TO ESCAPE BOREDOM!
HE WAS REFERRING TO US!
BLAKELY'S GOING TOO FAR!
WHAT SAY, FOLKS: LET'S COMPROMISE!
WE'LL FINISH THE PARTY IN THE MINE! OUR MINER-PAL, HERE, WILL GUIDE AND FEAST HIS EYES ON US -- AND AS FOR US, WE'LL MAKE MERRY IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH!
HOORAY!
THE MAN'S A GENIUS!
ON TO THE MINE!
LED BY *SUPERMAN*, THE CROWD OF SINGING, SHOUTING, SABLE-AND-EVENING-CLOTHES-CLAD PARTY-GOERS MARCH GAILY TOWARD THE MINE . . . .

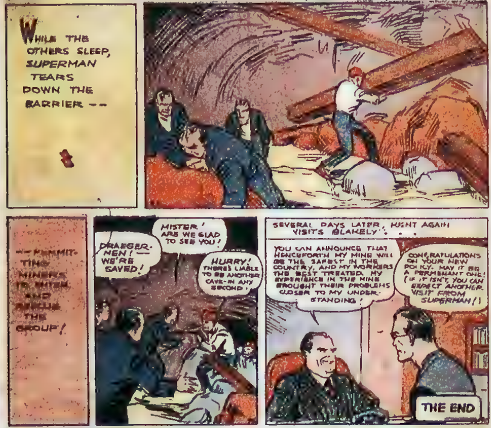

THE MERRYMAKERS CROWD ONTO THE SHAFT PLATFORM AMID SHRILL LAUGHTER.
A MOMENT LATER THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE PIT'S BOTTOM!
LOOK! I BROUGHT SOME SANDWICHES!
TO HECK WITH TH' SANDWICHES! WHO BROUGHT A FLASK?
ISN'T THIS THRILLING?
BETTER HOLD TIGHT TO THAT RAIL! ON SECOND THOUGHT, WHY NOT ON TO ME? WHAT HAS THE RAIL GOT, I HAVEN'T GOT?
FRESH!
57.
ALL OUT! END OF THE LINE!— WELL FOLKS, I PROMISEE YOU A NEW THRILL. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?
UGH! WHAT A HORRID LOOKING PLACE!
58.
WHILE THE OTHERS WALK FURTHER INTO THE MINE.
DON'T TELL ME PEOPLE ACTUALLY WORK DOWN HERE!
GEORGE! I— I DON'T LIKE THIS — THIS FILTHY MINE! WE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME!
SUPERMAN DROPS BACK
NOW TO PUT A HASTILY CONCEIVED PLAN INTO ACTION!
60.
AND ATTACKS THE WOODEN TUNNEL-SUPPORTS!

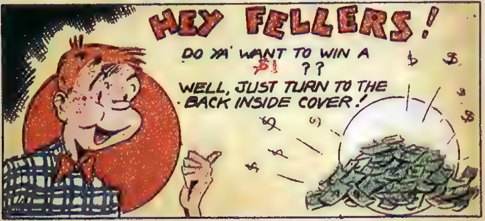

THERE! THAT OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!
WHERE IN BLAZES DID YOU DISAPPEAR?
I'VE BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME!
A MOMENT LATER -- THE TUNNEL IS SHAKEN BY A RUMBLING ROAR!
GOOD LORD! WHAT— WAS —THAT?
-- UNTIL IT IS FORCED TO COME TO A SUDDEN STOP!
A CAVE-IN!
GREAT SCOTT— WE'RE BURIED ALIVE!
BURIED ALIVE? —OH-H-H-
HELP! — HELP ME -- I'M SUFFOCATING!!
NO -- YOU CAN'T BE -- AIR'LL LAST ANOTHER TWENTY FOUR HOURS . . .

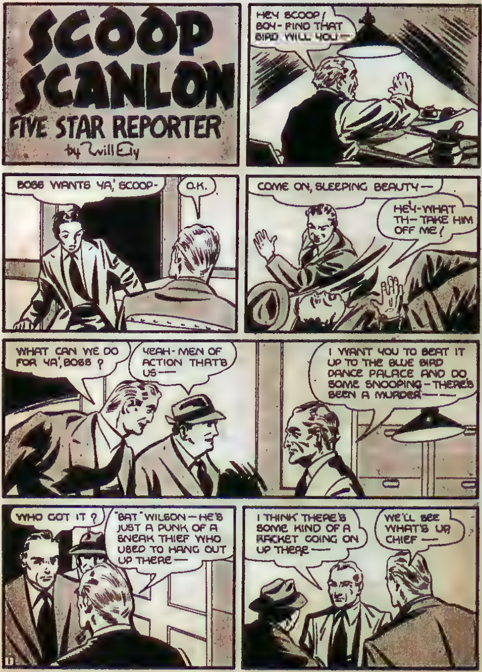

ANOTHER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS ?
YES !
70
THEN WE'VE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT ? WE'LL BE FREED BY A RESCUE-SQUAD IN NO TIME !
71
MAYBE RESCUED IN FIVE MINUTES -- MAYBE NEVER!
72
YOU! -- THIS WAS YOUR CLEVER IDEA!
DON'T HIT ME!
STEADY !
I'VE HALF A MIND TO LET HIM LOOSE !
DON'T!
74
WAIT! THE SAFETY DEVICES!
75
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THEM SOONER ? . . . WE'RE AS GOOD AS SAVED RIGHT NOW!
76
THANK GOODNESS FOR THE SAFETY DEVICES!
WHEW! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT WE WERE DOOMED!

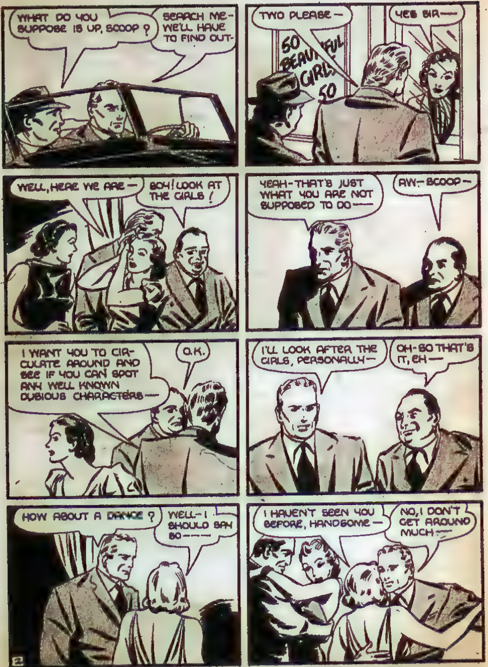

SEE? I SMASH THE GLASS COVER THEN JERK DOWN THE ELECTRIC SIGNAL-LEVER!
FORGIVE ME, OLD MAN! I'M SORRY I FLEW OFF THE HANDLE!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT!
WHAT TH'—! IT—DOESN'T—WORK!
LIKE OTHER SAFETY DEVICES IN THE MINE.... RUSTY, NO GOOD!
YOU BLASTED SKIN-FLINT! IF YOU'D HAVE HAD THE MINE EQUIPPED WITH PROPER SAFETY PRECAUTIONS WE MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN OUT ALIVE!
STOP HIM!
THIS IS NO TIME TO QUARREL AMONG OURSELVES!
OUR LIVES ARE AT STAKE!
CORRECT! HERE ARE SOME PICKS AND SHOVELS ABANDONED BY WORKERS.— YOU! TAKE THIS PICK AND GET BUSY
I CONTENT TO DIG—IF YOU WANT TO LIVE YOU DIG!
IF WE EVER GET OUT OF HERE MY FIRST ACT WILL BE TO FIRE YOU!
IF WE GET OUT!

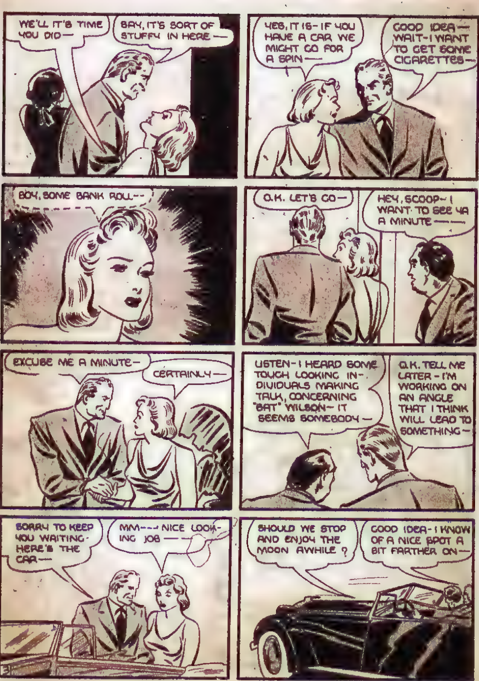

KNEE-DEEP IN STAGNANT WATER, STRUGGLING WITH UNWEILDY TOOLS, SLIPPING, FREQUENTLY FALLING, THE ENTRAPPED PLEASURE-SEEKERS SEEM DESPERATELY, BUT VAINLY, TO BATTER DOWN THE HUGE BARRIER OF COAL!
HURRY! WHILE THE AIR SUPPLY LASTS!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT-- WE'VE GOT TO!
IM WINDED! I— I CAN'T KEEP THIS UP!
THINK OF THE MINERS! THEY HAVE TO DO THIS IN LONG HOURS EACH DAY!
MEANWHILE -- A RESCUE PARTY WORKS FRANTICALLY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARRIER!
IT'S NO USE! WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE! WE'LL ALL DIE!
OH, IF I ONLY HAD THIS ALL TO DO OVER AGAIN! — I NEVER KNEW — REALLY KNEW — WHAT THE MEN DOWN HERE HAVE TO FACE!
THAT'S ALL I'VE BEEN WAITING TO HEAR!

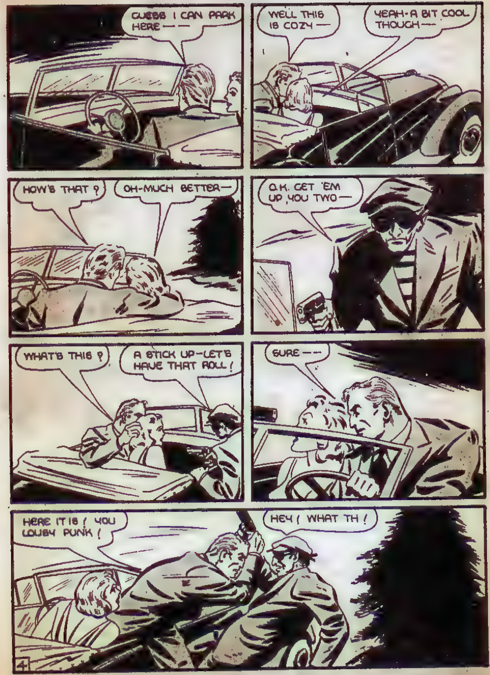

WHILE THE OTHERS SLEEP, SUPERMAN TEARS DOWN THE BARRIER --
--PERMITTING MINERS TO ENTER AND RESCUE THE GROUP!
MISTER! ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU!
DRAEGER-MEN! — WE'RE SAVED!
HURRY! THERE'S LIABLE TO BE ANOTHER CAVE-IN ANY SECOND!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER, KENT AGAIN VISITS BLAKELY . . .
YOU CAN ANNOUNCE THAT HENCEFORTH MY MINE WILL BE THE SAFEST IN THE COUNTRY, AND MY WORKERS THE BEST TREATED. MY EXPERIENCE IN THE MINE BROUGHT THEIR PROBLEMS CLOSER TO MY UNDERSTANDING!
CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR NEW POLICY. MAY IT BE A PERMANANT ONE! (IF IT ISN'T, YOU CAN EXPECT ANOTHER VISIT FROM SUPERMAN!)
THE END

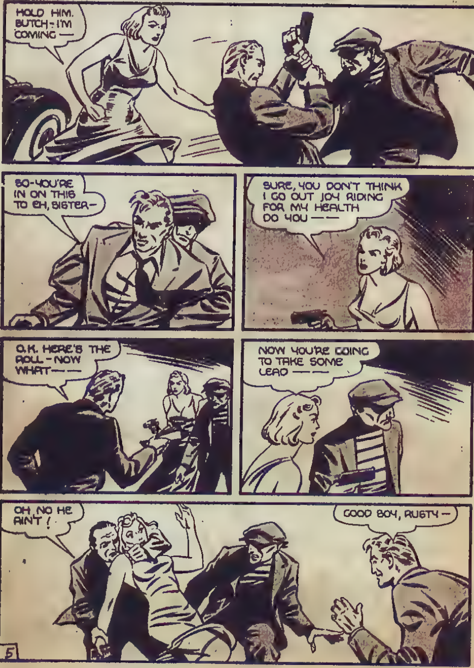

HEY FELLERS!
DO YA' WANT TO WIN A $1 ??
WELL, JUST TURN TO THE BACK INSIDE COVER!

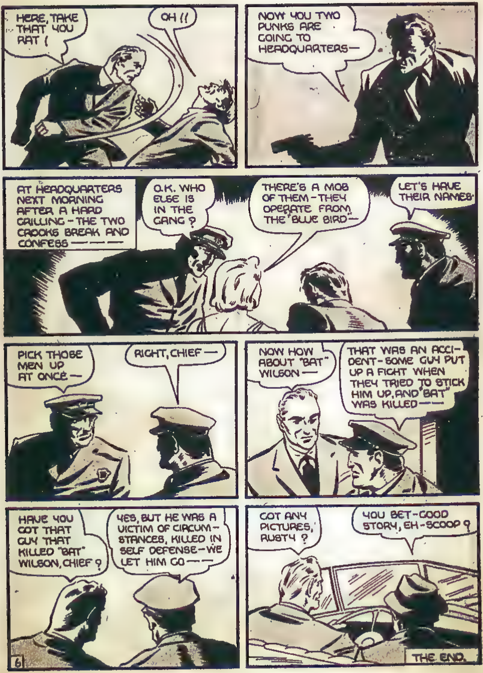

SCOOP SCANLON
FIVE STAR REPORTER
by Will Ely
HEY SCOOP! BOY - FIND THAT BIRD WILL YOU!—
BOSS WANTS YA,' SCOOP-
O.K.
COME ON, SLEEPING BEAUTY —
HEY-WHAT TH— TAKE HIM OFF ME!
WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YA', BOSS ?
YEAH - MEN OF ACTION THAT'S US—
I WANT YOU TO BEAT IT UP TO THE BLUE BIRD DANCE PALACE AND DO SOME SNOOPING - THERE'S BEEN A MURDER——
WHO GOT IT ?
"BAT" WILSON — HE'S JUST A PUNK OF A SNEAK THIEF WHO USED TO HANG OUT UP THERE—
I THINK THERE'S SOME KIND OF A RACKET GOING ON UP THERE —
WE'LL SEE WHAT'S UP CHIEF —
1


WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS UP, SCOOP ?
SEARCH ME- WE'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT-
TWO PLEASE —
YES SIR—
50 BEAU FUL GIRL 50
WELL, HERE WE ARE —
BOY! LOOK AT THE GIRLS !
YEAH-THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO DO ——
AW— SCOOP —
I WANT YOU TO CIRCULATE AROUND AND SEE IF YOU CAN SPOT ANY WELL KNOWN DUBIOUS CHARACTERS—
O.K.
I'LL LOOK AFTER THE GIRLS, PERSONALLY—
OH-SO THAT'S IT, EH —
HOW ABOUT A DANCE ?
WELL- I SHOULD SAY SO ———
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU BEFORE, HANDSOME —
NO, I DON'T GET AROUND MUCH ——


WE'LL IT'S TIME YOU DID—
SAY, IT'S SORT OF STUFFY IN HERE—
YES, IT IS— IF YOU HAVE A CAR WE MIGHT GO FOR A SPIN—
GOOD IDEA— WAIT—I WANT TO GET SOME CIGARETTES—
BOY, SOME BANK ROLL--
O.K. LET'S GO—
HEY, SCOOP—I WANT TO SEE YA A MINUTE——
EXCUSE ME A MINUTE—
CERTAINLY—
LISTEN—I HEARD SOME TOUGH LOOKING INDIVIDUALS MAKING TALK, CONCERNING "BAT" WILSON—IT SEEMS SOMEBODY—
O.K. TELL ME LATER—I'M WORKING ON AN ANGLE THAT I THINK WILL LEAD TO SOMETHING—
SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING—HERE'S THE CAR—
MM--- NICE LOOKING JOB——
SHOULD WE STOP AND ENJOY THE MOON AWHILE ?
GOOD IDEA—I KNOW OF A NICE SPOT A BIT FARTHER ON—


GUESS I CAN PARK HERE ——
WELL THIS IS COZY —
YEAH - A BIT COOL THOUGH —
HOW'S THAT ?
OH - MUCH BETTER —
O.K. GET 'EM UP YOU TWO —
WHAT'S THIS ?
A STICK UP - LET'S HAVE THAT ROLL !
SURE ——
HERE IT IS ! YOU LOUSY PUNK !
HEY ! WHAT TH !


HOLD HIM. BUTCH - I'M COMING —
SO-YOU'RE IN ON THIS TO EH, SISTER-
SURE, YOU DON'T THINK I GO OUT JOY RIDING FOR MY HEALTH DO YOU — —
O.K. HERE'S THE ROLL - NOW WHAT— —
NOW YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE SOME LEAD — —
OH NO HE AIN'T !
GOOD BOY, RUSTY —

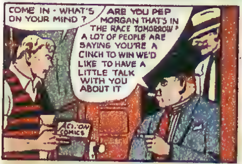

HERE, TAKE THAT YOU RAT !
OH !!
NOW YOU TWO PUNKS ARE GOING TO HEADQUARTERS—
AT HEADQUARTERS NEXT MORNING AFTER A HARD GRILLING – THE TWO CROOKS BREAK AND CONFESS — — —
O.K. WHO ELSE IS IN THE GANG ?
THERE'S A MOB OF THEM – THEY OPERATE FROM THE "BLUE BIRD"—
LET'S HAVE THEIR NAMES
PICK THOSE MEN UP AT ONCE —
RIGHT, CHIEF —
NOW HOW ABOUT "BAT" WILSON —
THAT WAS AN ACCIDENT – SOME GUY PUT UP A FIGHT WHEN THEY TRIED TO STICK HIM UP, AND "BAT" WAS KILLED — —
HAVE YOU GOT THAT GUY THAT KILLED "BAT" WILSON, CHIEF ?
YES, BUT HE WAS A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES, KILLED IN SELF DEFENSE – WE LET HIM GO — —
GOT ANY PICTURES, RUSTY ?
YOU BET – GOOD STORY, EH – SCOOP ?
THE END.

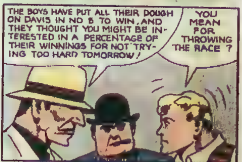
PEP MORGAN

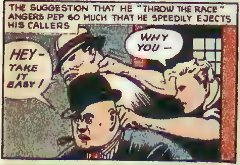
WINS A DOUBLEHEADER!

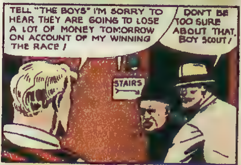
BY GENE BAXTER

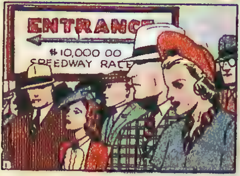
PEP MORGAN SITS READING IN HIS ROOM THE NIGHT BEFORE THE $10,000 SPEEDWAY AUTO RACE IN WHICH HE HAS ENTERED HIS RED RACER. HE HEARS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR OF HIS ROOM.

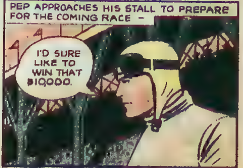

COME IN - WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND ?
ARE YOU PEP MORGAN THAT'S IN THE RACE TOMORROW? A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE SAYING YOU'RE A CINCH TO WIN WE'D LIKE TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH YOU ABOUT IT
ACTION COMICS

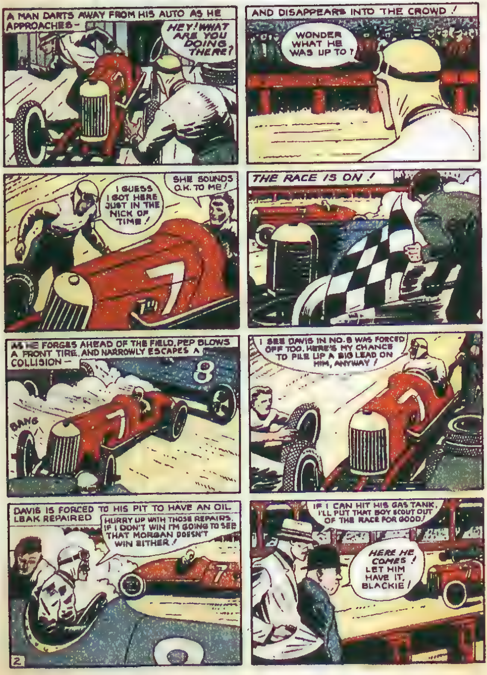

THE BOYS HAVE PUT ALL THEIR DOUGH ON DAVIS IN NO 5 TO WIN, AND THEY THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN A PERCENTAGE OF THEIR WINNINGS FOR NOT TRYING TOO HARD TOMORROW!
YOU MEAN FOR THROWING THE RACE ?

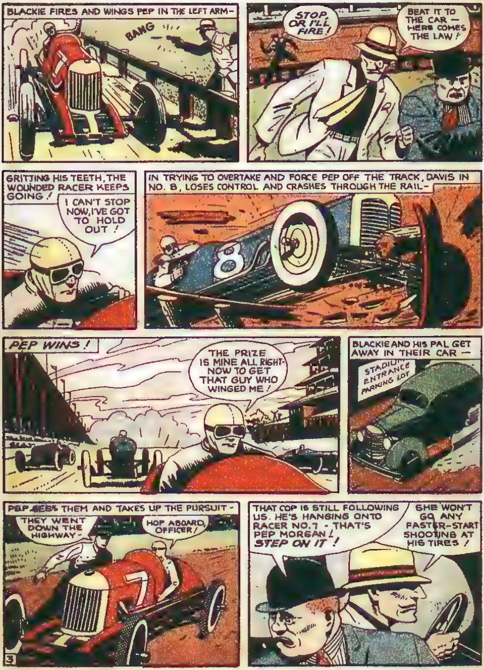

THE SUGGESTION THAT HE "THROW THE RACE" ANGERS PEP SO MUCH THAT HE SPEEDILY EJECTS HIS CALLERS
HEY- TAKE IT EASY!
WHY YOU -

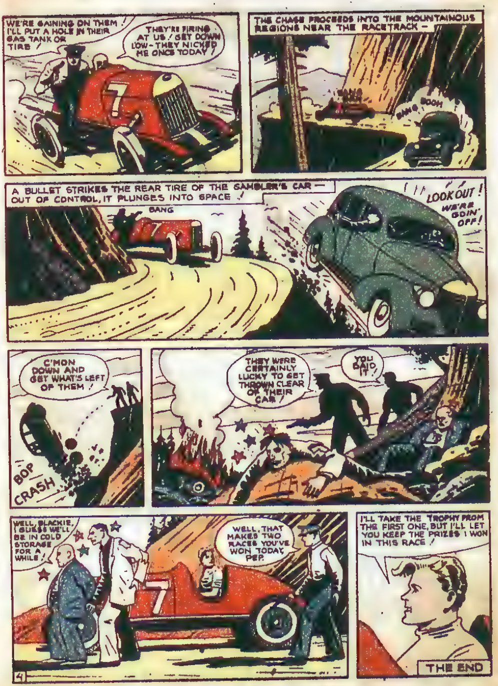

TELL "THE BOYS" I'M SORRY TO HEAR THEY ARE GOING TO LOSE A LOT OF MONEY TOMORROW ON ACCOUNT OF MY WINNING THE RACE!
DON'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THAT, BOY SCOUT!
STAIRS

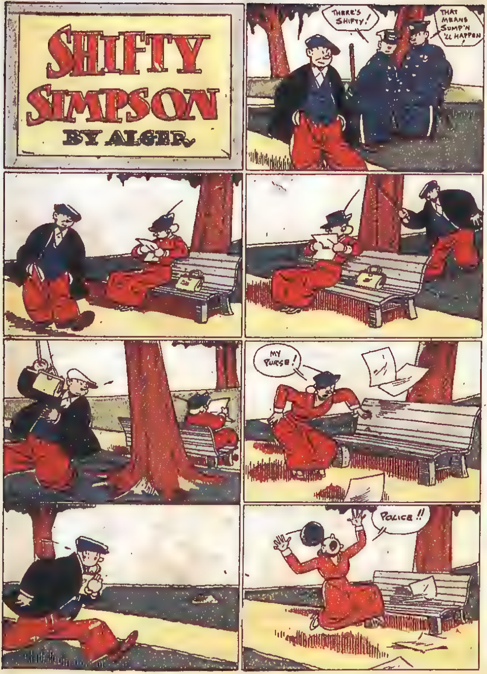

ENTRANCE
$10,000 00
SPEEDWAY RAC

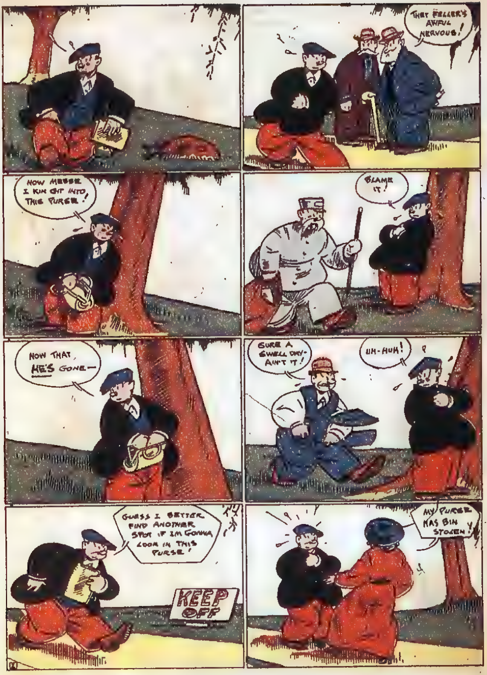

PEP APPROACHES HIS STALL TO PREPARE FOR THE COMING RACE -
I'D SURE LIKE TO WIN THAT $10,000.

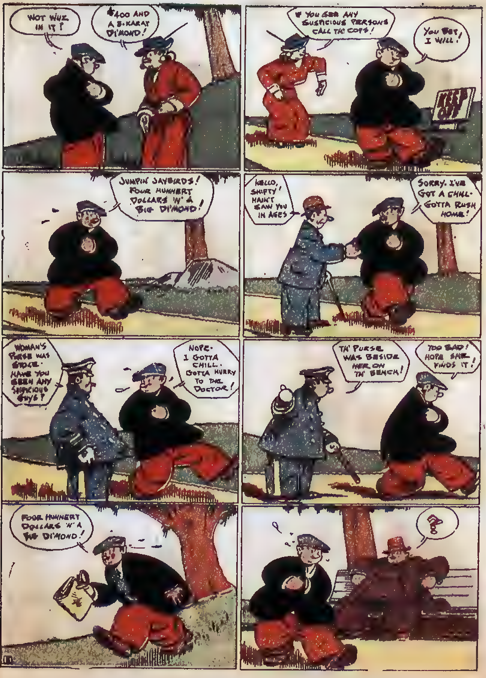

A MAN DARTS AWAY FROM HIS AUTO AS HE APPROACHES—
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?
AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE CROWD!
WONDER WHAT HE WAS UP TO?
I GUESS I GOT HERE JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!
SHE SOUNDS O.K. TO ME!
7
THE RACE IS ON!
AS HE FORGES AHEAD OF THE FIELD, PEP BLOWS A FRONT TIRE, AND NARROWLY ESCAPES A COLLISION—
8
BANG
7
I SEE DAVIS IN NO. 8 WAS FORCED OFF TOO. HERE'S MY CHANCE TO PILE UP A BIG LEAD ON HIM, ANYWAY!
DAVIS IS FORCED TO HIS PIT TO HAVE AN OIL LEAK REPAIRED
HURRY UP WITH THOSE REPAIRS. IF I DON'T WIN I'M GOING TO SEE THAT MORGAN DOESN'T WIN EITHER!
7
IF I CAN HIT HIS GAS TANK, I'LL PUT THAT BOY SCOUT OUT OF THE RACE FOR GOOD!
HERE HE COMES! LET HIM HAVE IT, BLACKIE!

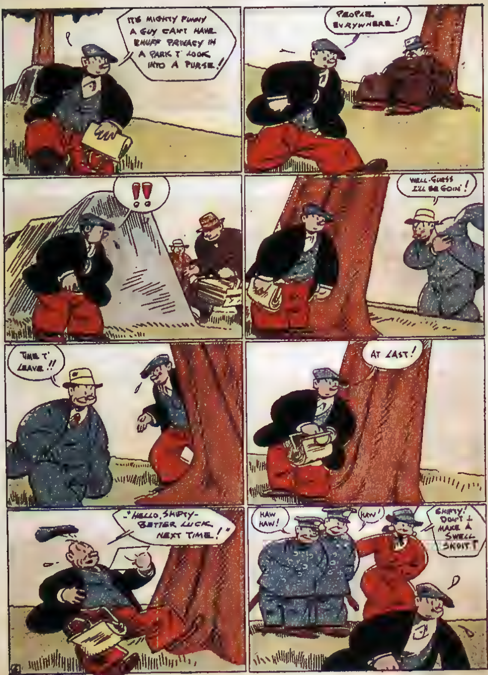

BLACKIE FIRES AND WINGS PEP IN THE LEFT ARM–
BANG
STOP, OR I'LL FIRE!
BEAT IT TO THE CAR – HERE COMES THE LAW!
GRITTING HIS TEETH, THE WOUNDED RACER KEEPS GOING!
I CAN'T STOP NOW, I'VE GOT TO HOLD OUT!
IN TRYING TO OVERTAKE AND FORCE PEP OFF THE TRACK, DAVIS IN NO. 8, LOSES CONTROL AND CRASHES THROUGH THE RAIL–
8
PEP WINS!
THE PRIZE IS MINE ALL RIGHT– NOW TO GET THAT GUY WHO WINGED ME!
BLACKIE AND HIS PAL GET AWAY IN THEIR CAR –
STADIUM ENTRANCE PARKING LOT
PEP SEES THEM AND TAKES UP THE PURSUIT –
THEY WENT DOWN THE HIGHWAY–
HOP ABOARD, OFFICER!
7
3
THAT COP IS STILL FOLLOWING US. HE'S HANGING ONTO RACER NO. 7 – THAT'S PEP MORGAN! STEP ON IT!
SHE WON'T GO ANY FASTER–START SHOOTING AT HIS TIRES!


WE'RE GAINING ON THEM! I'LL PUT A HOLE IN THEIR GAS TANK OR TIRE!
THEY'RE FIRING AT US! GET DOWN LOW - THEY NICKED ME ONCE TODAY!
THE CHASE PROCEEDS INTO THE MOUNTAINOUS REGIONS NEAR THE RACETRACK -
BANG
BANG BOOM
A BULLET STRIKES THE REAR TIRE OF THE GAMBLER'S CAR — OUT OF CONTROL, IT PLUNGES INTO SPACE!
BANG
LOOK OUT! WE'RE GOIN' OFF!
C'MON DOWN AND GET WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM!
BOP
CRASH
THEY WERE CERTAINLY LUCKY TO GET THROWN CLEAR OF THEIR CAR!
YOU SAID IT!
WELL, BLACKIE, I GUESS WE'LL BE IN COLD STORAGE FOR A WHILE!
WELL, THAT MAKES TWO RACES YOU'VE WON TODAY, PEP.
I'LL TAKE THE TROPHY FROM THE FIRST ONE, BUT I'LL LET YOU KEEP THE PRIZES I WON IN THIS RACE!
THE END


SHIFTY SIMPSON
BY ALGER
THERE'S SHIFTY!
THAT MEANS SUMP'N 'LL HAPPEN!
MY PURSE!
POLICE!!

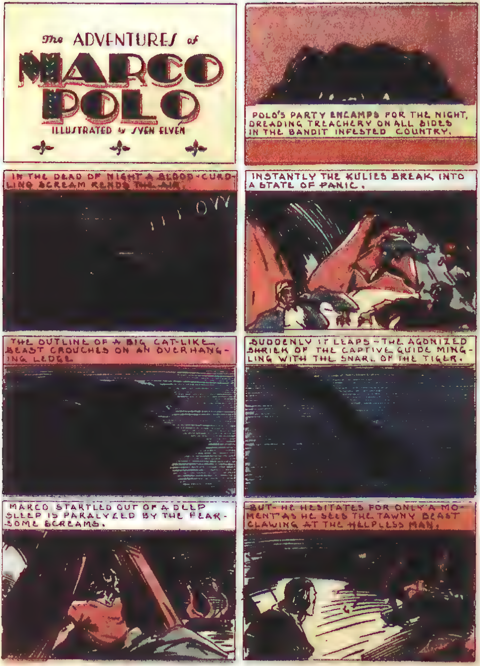

THET FELLER'S AWFUL NERVOUS!
NOW MEBBE I KIN GIT INTO THIS PURSE!
BLAME IT!
NOW THAT HE'S GONE—
SURE A SWELL DAY—AIN'T IT!
UH-HUH!
GUESS I BETTER FIND ANOTHER SPOT IF I'M GONNA LOOK IN THIS PURSE!
KEEP OFF
MY PURSE HAS BIN STOLEN!

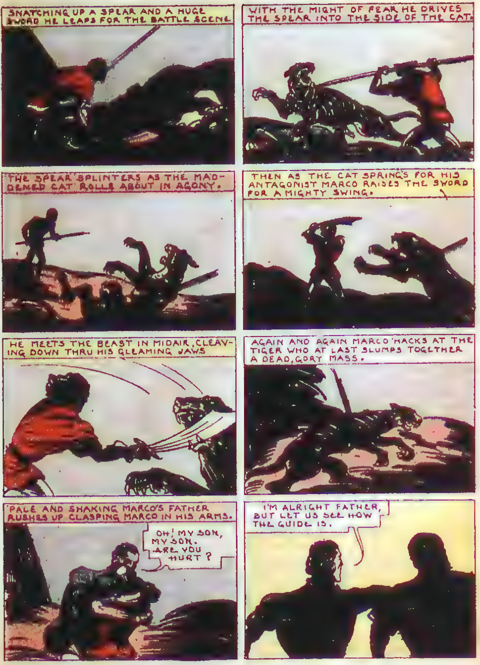

WOT WUZ IN IT?
$400 AND A 3-KARAT DI'MOND!
IF YOU SEE ANY SUSPICIOUS PERSONS CALL TH' COPS!
YOU BET, I WILL!
KEEP OFF
JUMPIN' JAYBIRDS! FOUR HUNNERT DOLLARS 'N' A BIG DI'MOND!
HELLO, SHIFTY! HAIN'T SAW YOU IN AGES
SORRY. I'VE GOT A CHILL. GOTTA RUSH HOME!
WOMAN'S PURSE WAS STOLE. HAVE YOU SEEN ANY SUSPICIOUS GUYS?
NOPE. I GOTTA CHILL. GOTTA HURRY TO THE DOCTOR!
TH' PURSE WAS BESIDE HER ON TH' BENCH!
TOO BAD! HOPE SHE FINDS IT!
FOUR HUNNERT DOLLARS 'N' A BIG DI'MOND!
?

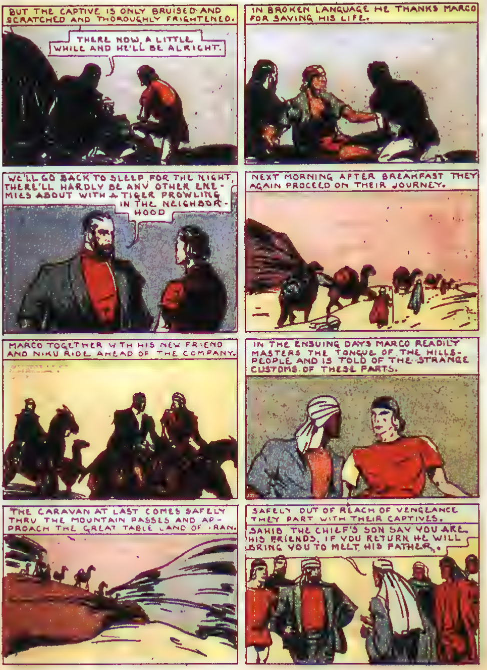

IT'S MIGHTY FUNNY A GUY CAN'T HAVE ENUFF PRIVACY IN A PARK T' LOOK INTO A PURSE!
PEOPLE EVRYWHERE!
!!
WELL-GUESS I'LL BE GOIN'!
TIME T' LEAVE!!
AT LAST!
-"HELLO, SHIFTY- BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!"
HAW HAW!
HAW!
SHIFTY! DON'T I MAKE A SWELL SKOIT?

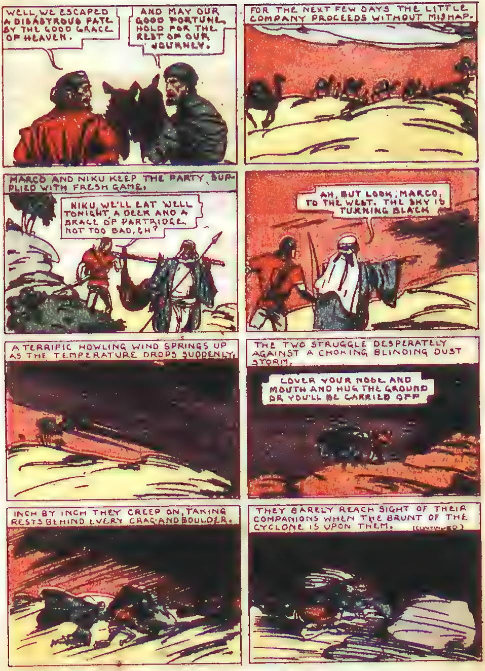
The ADVENTURES of MARCO POLO

ILLUSTRATED by SVEN ELVEN


POLO'S PARTY ENCAMPS FOR THE NIGHT, DREADING TREACHERY ON ALL SIDES IN THE BANDIT INFESTED COUNTRY.
IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM RENDS THE AIR.
YYYOW
INSTANTLY THE KULIES BREAK INTO A STATE OF PANIC.
THE OUTLINE OF A BIG CAT-LIKE BEAST CROUCHES ON AN OVERHANGING LEDGE
SUDDENLY IT LEAPS - THE AGONIZED SHRIEK OF THE CAPTIVE GUIDE MINGLING WITH THE SNARL OF THE TIGER.
MARCO STARTLED OUT OF A DEEP SLEEP IS PARALYZED BY THE FEARSOME SCREAMS.
BUT - HE HESITATES FOR ONLY A MOMENT AS HE SEES THE TAWNY BEAST CLAWING AT THE HELPLESS MAN.


SNATCHING UP A SPEAR AND A HUGE SWORD HE LEAPS FOR THE BATTLE SCENE
WITH THE MIGHT OF FEAR HE DRIVES THE SPEAR INTO THE SIDE OF THE CAT.
THE SPEAR SPLINTERS AS THE MADDENED CAT ROLLS ABOUT IN AGONY.
THEN AS THE CAT SPRINGS FOR HIS ANTAGONIST MARCO RAISES THE SWORD FOR A MIGHTY SWING.
HE MEETS THE BEAST IN MIDAIR, CLEAVING DOWN THRU HIS GLEAMING JAWS
AGAIN AND AGAIN MARCO HACKS AT THE TIGER WHO AT LAST SLUMPS TOGETHER A DEAD, GORY MASS.
PALE AND SHAKING MARCO'S FATHER RUSHES UP CLASPING MARCO IN HIS ARMS.
OH! MY SON, MY SON. ARE YOU HURT?
I'M ALRIGHT FATHER, BUT LET US SEE HOW THE GUIDE IS.


BUT THE CAPTIVE IS ONLY BRUISED AND SCRATCHED AND THOROUGHLY FRIGHTENED.
THERE NOW A LITTLE WHILE AND HE'LL BE ALRIGHT.
IN BROKEN LANGUAGE HE THANKS MARCO FOR SAVING HIS LIFE.
WE'LL GO BACK TO SLEEP FOR THE NIGHT, THERE'LL HARDLY BE ANY OTHER ENEMIES ABOUT WITH A TIGER PROWLING IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD
NEXT MORNING AFTER BREAKFAST THEY AGAIN PROCEED ON THEIR JOURNEY.
MARCO TOGETHER WITH HIS NEW FRIEND AND NIKU RIDE AHEAD OF THE COMPANY.
IN THE ENSUING DAYS MARCO READILY MASTERS THE TONGUE OF THE HILLS-PEOPLE AND IS TOLD OF THE STRANGE CUSTOMS OF THESE PARTS.
THE CARAVAN AT LAST COMES SAFELY THRU THE MOUNTAIN PASSES AND APPROACH THE GREAT TABLE LAND OF IRAN.
SAFELY OUT OF REACH OF VENGEANCE THEY PART WITH THEIR CAPTIVES.
SAHIB THE CHIEF'S SON SAY YOU ARE HIS FRIENDS. IF YOU RETURN HE WILL BRING YOU TO MEET HIS FATHER.


WELL, WE ESCAPED A DISASTROUS FATE BY THE GOOD GRACE OF HEAVEN.
AND MAY OUR GOOD FORTUNE HOLD FOR THE REST OF OUR JOURNEY.
FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS THE LITTLE COMPANY PROCEEDS WITHOUT MISHAP.
MARCO AND NIKU KEEP THE PARTY SUPPLIED WITH FRESH GAME.
NIKU, WE'LL EAT WELL TONIGHT, A DEER AND A BRACE OF PARTRIDGE. NOT TOO BAD, EH?
AH, BUT LOOK, MARCO, TO THE WEST. THE SKY IS TURNING BLACK
A TERRIFIC HOWLING WIND SPRINGS UP AS THE TEMPERATURE DROPS SUDDENLY.
THE TWO STRUGGLE DESPERATELY AGAINST A CHOKING BLINDING DUST STORM.
COVER YOUR NOSE AND MOUTH AND HUG THE GROUND OR YOU'LL BE CARRIED OFF
INCH BY INCH THEY CREEP ON, TAKING RESTS BEHIND EVERY CRAG AND BOULDER.
THEY BARELY REACH SIGHT OF THEIR COMPANIONS WHEN THE BRUNT OF THE CYCLONE IS UPON THEM.
(CONTINUED)

SPORTS AT SEA

By Dick Lawlor

THE *Harbor City*, fifteen days out of Philadelphia and with the trade winds behind, slogged eastward.

The day had been hot and still, and the rays of the sun scorched the skin, though the fiery planet had long since passed the meridian. Ted Farrell, young second mate of the 2400 ton freighter, wiped the moisture from his brow and finished the glass of tepid water he held in his hand.

Captain Blake came up on the bridge and stood beside him. "Well, Ted, there's the coast of England off there!"

Ted's eye followed the captain's pointing finger and in the distance he saw the faint outline of the rugged cliffs rising above the horizon. They were shrouded in mist and the vague contours added to the appearance of unreality.

"I'm rather glad we sighted them before that storm to the south overtakes us, sir," said the second mate. "Those clouds out there have been piling up for the last three hours and it's only a question of time whether we'll be past the Cape ahead of it."

Captain Blake frowned. "Nonsense! We'll be well near Bristol before those clouds reach us. And even at that it'll probably be nothing more than a rain squall."

Ted thought he detected a bit of uncertainty in the Captain's words. The Old Man turned and swung off the bridge, leaving his second officer to his own meditations.

Entering the pilot house, Ted glanced at the barometer It was several degrees lower, falling and pumping. The quartermaster at the wheel endeavored to keep his eyes on the compass, though time and again he stole quick, nervous looks at the approaching mass of clouds to the south.

"I think we're going to be in for a bit of a blow," Ted said to the seaman.

"If I may say so, sir, I believe it's going to be a stiff one," replied the quartermaster. "My corns have always been a very good weather indicator for me, and right now they're hurting like the very devil himself, sir!"

"Let's hope it's just that your shoes are too tight!" laughed Ted, stepping back onto the bridge.

WIFTLY, the rolling grey black clouds had swollen to ominous proportions. A veil of haze floated before the sun and the air that was a few minutes before hot but crystal clear had now become definitely murky. Tumbling and ever changing in shape, the storm clouds rushed up across the sky line like some evil monster from out of the Arabian Nights stories.

The smooth ground swell of the Atlantic suddenly changed to a rough and choppy sea. A good stiff southerly wind was rapidly raising a whitecapped attack that pounded the rusty starboard side of the *Harbor City*. The freighter rolled and plunged woefully through the turbulent waters. And then the storm fell upon it with satanic fury.

Tons of mountainous waves rose and smashed down on the small steamer. Viciously the wind ripped through the cargo gear and funnel guys, spreading the smoke low over the foamy wake in the stern. Of a sudden the sun was blotted out and without notice, the black heavens gushed rain in torrents. Gallantly the freighter nosed her way forward, plunging her prow into walls of racing sea and sending back flooding sprays that drenched the entire vessel.

Ted gripped the rail to steady himself and Captain Blake, his face pale and drawn, clambered up the stairway. "You were right about it, Ted. This is going to be a tough one!"

The second mate smiled grimly and pointed toward the jagged coast line. The sea, rolling from the south, had carried them within a quarter of a mile of the English cliffs. ■

"I think we're getting a little too close to those rocks for comfort, Captain!" he said.

"Ring the engine room for full speed and swing her five points to the starboard," ordered the captain.

Ted telegraphed the command and immediately the increased vibrations shook the *Harbor City* from stem to stern. The quartermaster turned the wheel and waited. There was no response and with consternation, he whirled it even further. A few moments passed and then she began to turn in a leisurely fashion to *port*. She swung steadily. Right around into the trough of the seas and on, she pivoted.

With opened mouth, the quartermaster kept staring at the spinning compass needle. Then he raced out onto the bridge to Ted Farrell and the Captain. "The—the steering's gone, sir!"

Ted tried the wheel himself and found their predicament to be true. He rang the engine room for a decrease of speed and then glanced astern. The rocky coast, running up into mountains, met his eye beyond the rail. It was closer than he reckoned and the hammering sea forced the *Harbor City* backward faster than her bow fronted the elements.

Rudderless and mercilessly pounded by the waves the freighter turned and tossed like a piece of cork. The rugged coast was but fifty yards away and Ted and the Captain and the men of the crew, waited tensely for the inevitable crash.

THE hapless steamer rose on the crest of a mighty sea, poised herself for a moment and then raced down the side toward the scattered rocks. There came a horrible scrapping sound and a sickening vibration that did all but shake the vessel asunder. The grinding and buckling of the iron plates brought tears to the Captain's eyes. The *Harbor City* shuddered and became quiet, firmly wedged on the murderous rocks.

"We've settled, Captain," said Ted. "But we'll have to get off mighty quick . . . this sea will tear her apart in no time."

Fortunately, men on the Cape and near the lighthouse had seen the distress of the *Harbor City*. They hurried to the coast guard house for the equipment necessary to get the men off the doomed vessel.

They stood on the towering cliffs and signaled to the seamen on the freighter. Ted read the code and turned to the Captain.

"They're going to fire a line to us," he said. "We can make it fast and get the crew off on the pulley cable."

The English coastguards had rigged up the gun and line and aimed it across the stern of the stricken freighter. Ted signaled that the aft deck had been cleared and waited for the line to come flying out from the cliff over the vessel. Through the torrential rain, the second mate saw the puff of the gun smoke but there was no sign of the line.

Rigidly, the men on the *Harbor City* looked for the line that would permit them to escape from the vessel before it would be pounded apart by the hammering waves. The line was their one chance to free themselves from a watery grave!

The men on the cliff top signaled that the gun had jammed and was utterly useless. There was no possible way of getting the line to the freighter!

Ted thought quickly, for the line meant either life or death!

He ordered the carpenter to bring 300 feet of light rope and tied the end to a small iron ring. Then he signaled back to the coastguardsmen his intention of flinging the ring from the deck of the vessel to the top of the cliff! The men on land were amazed; if he could reach them with his rope they could attach the cable to it and in this way could be pulled back to the freighter. But the Englishmen shook their heads dubiously. It was practically impossible to throw anything that distance.

Ted took off his coat, picked up the iron ring with the rope attached and "wound up" in baseball fashion. Then with a mighty heave he let the ring fly and up it shot toward the figures on the cliff . . . *and landed five feet from the edge of the precipice!*

The coastguardsmen snatched the ring and tied the cable to it.

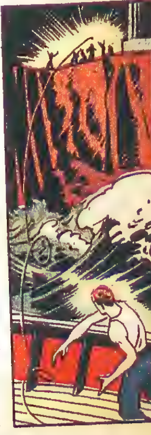
Half an hour later all the men on the battered *Harbor City* had been carried across the foaming water to shore, pulley-fashion.

"Good heaven, man," asked one of the Englishmen, "where did you ever learn to throw like that?"

"In prep school," grinned Ted. "I used to be a pitcher on the baseball team."

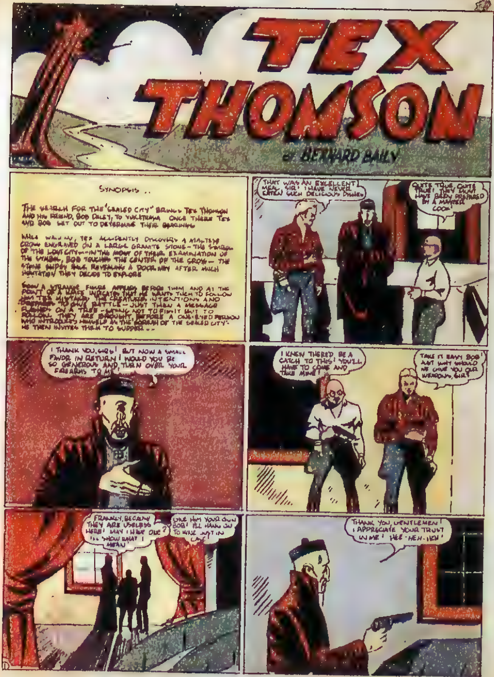
Captain Blake put his arm affectionately around his second mate's shoulders. "In that case my next vessel will carry a crew made up entirely of baseball players . . . you can never tell when they will come in handy!"

THE END



TEX THOMSON

by BERNARD BAILY



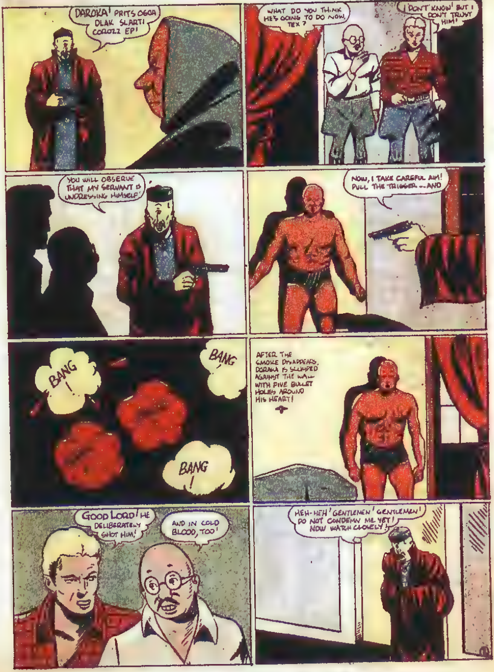
SYNOPSIS ..

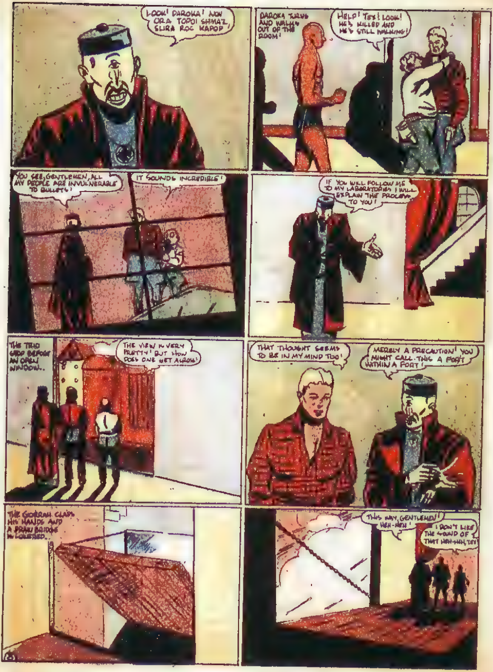
THE SEARCH FOR THE 'SEALED CITY' BRINGS TEX THOMSON AND HIS FRIEND, BOB DALEY, TO YUKATRAMA. ONCE THERE TEX AND BOB SET OUT TO DETERMINE THEIR BEARINGS.

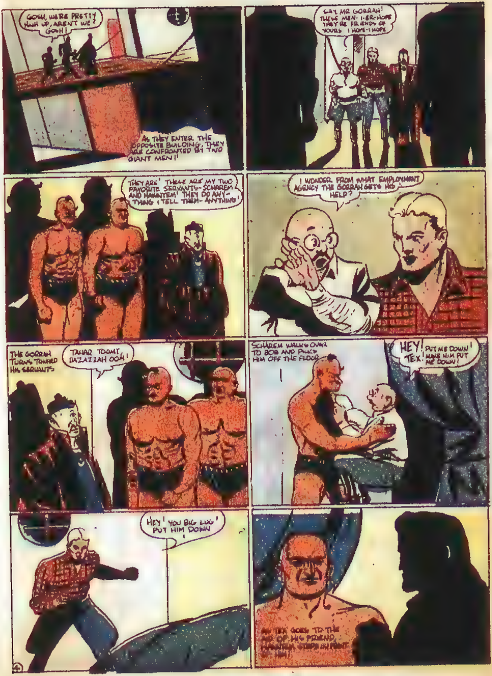
WHILE WALKING, TEX ACCIDENTLY DISCOVERS A MALTESE CROSS ENGRAVED ON A LARGE GRANITE STONE - THE SYMBOL OF THE LOST CITY -- IN THE MIDST OF THEIR EXAMINATION OF THE SYMBOL, BOB TOUCHES THE CENTER OF THE CROSS - THE STONE SLIPS BACK REVEALING A DOORWAY. AFTER MUCH HESITATION THEY DECIDE TO EXPLORE

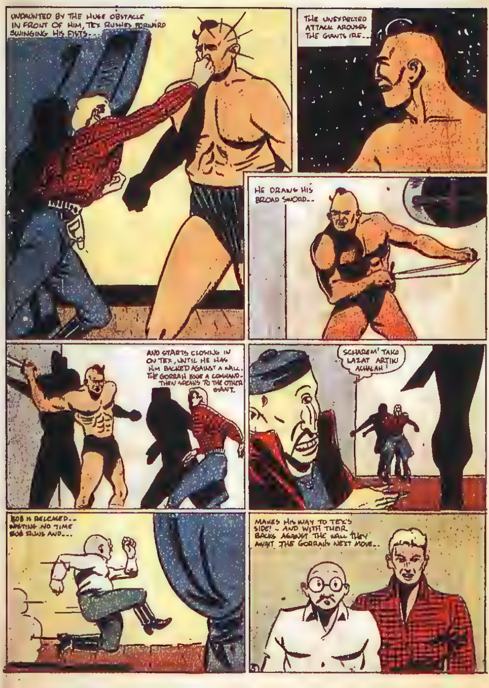
SOON A STRANGE FIGURE APPEARS BEFORE THEM AND AT THE POINT OF A KNIFE INDICATES THAT HE WANTS THEM TO FOLLOW HIM. TEX, MISTRUSTING THE CREATURE'S INTENTIONS AND [illegible] TO GIVE BATTLE - JUST THEN A MESSAGE FLASHES ON A TREE - SAYING NOT TO FIGHT IT BUT TO FOLLOW. THEY ARE BROUGHT BEFORE A ONE-EYED PERSON WHO INTRODUCES HIMSELF AS THE '[illegible]' OF THE SEALED CITY. HE THEN INVITES THEM TO SUPPER --

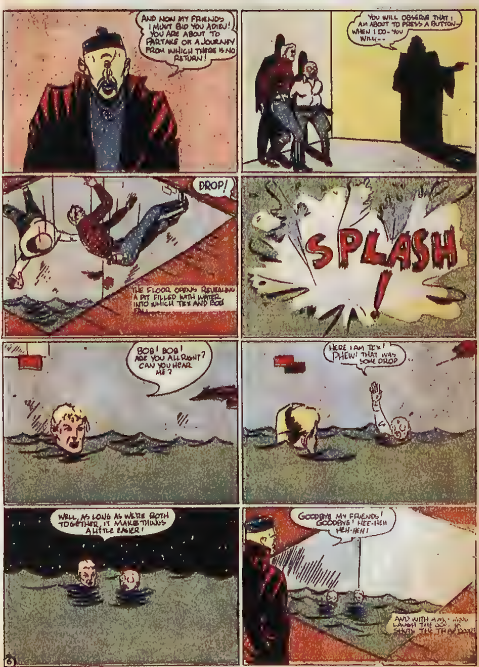
THAT WAS AN EXCELLENT MEAL, SIR! I HAVE NEVER EATEN SUCH DELICIOUS DISHES
QUITE TRUE, QUITE TRUE! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN PREPARED BY A MASTER COOK!
I THANK YOU, SIRS! BUT NOW A SMALL FAVOR IN RETURN! WOULD YOU BE SO GENEROUS AND TURN OVER YOUR FIREARMS TO ME!
I KNEW THERE'D BE A CATCH TO THIS! YOU'LL HAVE TO COME AND TAKE MINE!
TAKE IT EASY, BOB! JUST WHY SHOULD WE GIVE YOU OUR WEAPONS, SIR?
FRANKLY, BECAUSE THEY ARE USELESS HERE! MAY I HAVE ONE? I'LL SHOW WHAT I MEAN
GIVE HIM YOUR GUN BOB! I'LL HANG ON TO MINE JUST IN CASE!
THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN! I APPRECIATE YOUR TRUST IN ME! HEE-HEH-HEH!

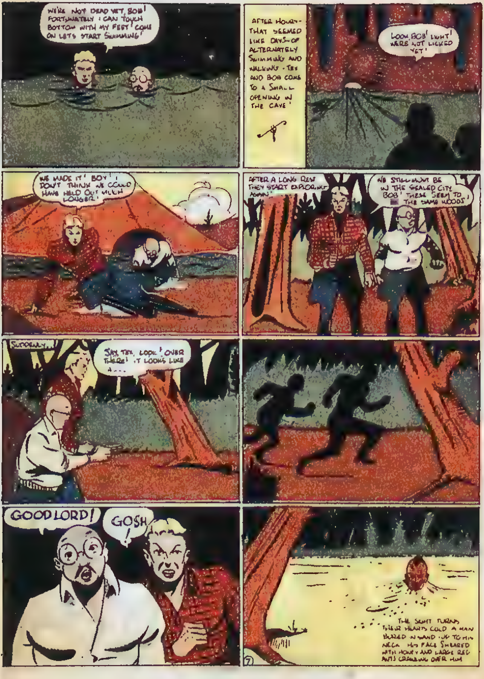

DAROKA! PRITS OGOA DLAK SLARTI COROZZ EP!
WHAT DO YOU THINK HE'S GOING TO DO NOW, TEX ?
I DON'T KNOW! BUT I DON'T TRUST HIM!
YOU WILL OBSERVE THAT MY SERVANT IS UNDRESSING HIMSELF!
NOW, I TAKE CAREFUL AIM! PULL THE TRIGGER -- AND
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
AFTER THE SMOKE DISAPPEARS, DORAKA IS SLUMPED AGAINST THE WALL WITH FIVE BULLET HOLES AROUND HIS HEART!
GOOD LORD! HE DELIBERATELY SHOT HIM!
AND IN COLD BLOOD, TOO!
HEH-HEH! GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! DO NOT CONDEMN ME YET! NOW WATCH CLOSELY!

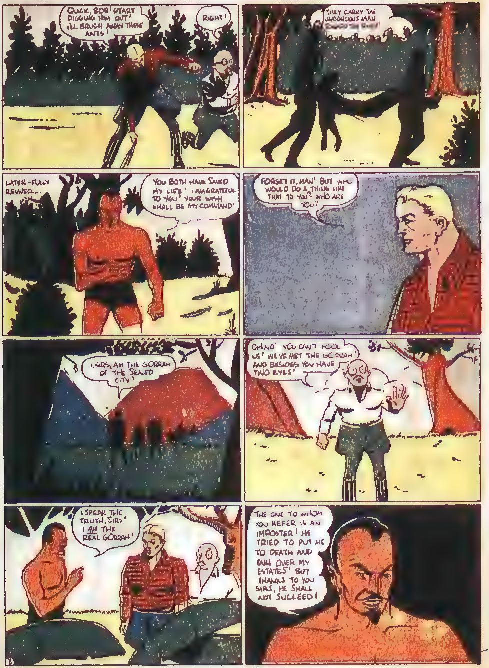

LOOK! DAROKA! NOW ORA TOPOI SHMAZ SLIRA ROC KAPOP!
DAROKA TURNS AND WALKS OUT OF THE ROOM!
HELP! TEX! LOOK! HE'S KILLED AND HE'S STILL WALKING!
YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN, ALL MY PEOPLE ARE INVULNERABLE TO BULLETS!
IT SOUNDS INCREDIBLE!
IF YOU WILL FOLLOW ME TO MY LABORATORIES I WILL EXPLAIN THE PROCESS TO YOU!
THE TRIO STOP BEFORE AN OPEN WINDOW..
THE VIEW IS VERY PRETTY! BUT HOW DOES ONE GET ACROSS?
THAT THOUGHT SEEMS TO BE IN MY MIND TOO!
MERELY A PRECAUTION! YOU MIGHT CALL THIS A FORT WITHIN A FORT!
THE GORRAH CLAPS HIS HANDS AND A DRAW BRIDGE IS LOWERED..
THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN! HEH-HEH!
I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT HEH-HEH, TEX!

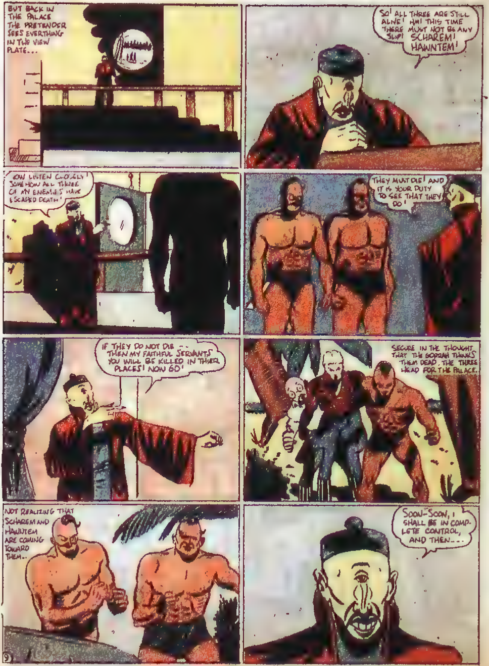

GOSH, WE'RE PRETTY HIGH UP, AREN'T WE? GOSH!
AS THEY ENTER THE OPPOSITE BUILDING, THEY ARE CONFRONTED BY TWO GIANT MEN!
SAY, MR GORRAH! THESE MEN- I-ER-HOPE THEY'RE FRIENDS OF YOURS I HOPE-I HOPE
THEY ARE! THESE ARE MY TWO FAVORITE SERVANTS- SCHAREM AND HAWATEM! THEY DO ANYTHING I TELL THEM- ANYTHING!
I WONDER FROM WHAT EMPLOYMENT AGENCY THE GORRAH GETS HIS HELP?
THE GORRAH TURNS TOWARD HIS SERVANTS
TAHAR TOOMI, DAZAZZAH OOM!
SCHAREM WALKS OVER TO BOB AND PICKS HIM OFF THE FLOOR
HEY! TEX!
PUT ME DOWN! MAKE HIM PUT ME DOWN!
HEY! YOU BIG LUG! PUT HIM DOWN!
AS TEX GOES TO THE AID OF HIS FRIEND, HAWATEM STEPS IN FRONT OF HIM!

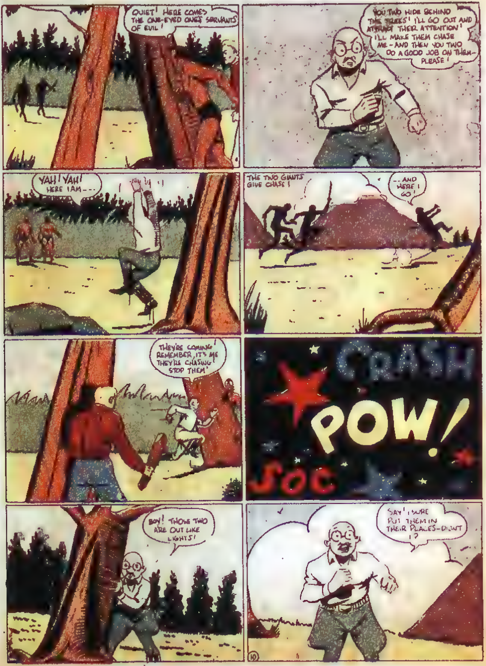

UNDAUNTED BY THE HUGE OBSTACLE IN FRONT OF HIM, TEX RUSHED FORWARD SWINGING HIS FISTS---
THE UNEXPECTED ATTACK AROUSES THE GIANTS IRE...
HE DRAWS HIS BROAD SWORD..
AND STARTS CLOSING IN ON TEX, UNTIL HE HAS HIM BACKED AGAINST A WALL. THE GORRAH ISSUES A COMMAND- THEN SPEAKS TO THE OTHER GIANT.
SCHAREM' TAKO LAZAT ARTIKI ACHALAH!
BOB IS RELEASED.. WASTING NO TIME BOB RUNS AND...
MAKES HIS WAY TO TEX'S SIDE! - AND WITH THEIR BACKS AGAINST THE WALL THEY AWAIT THE GORRAH'S NEXT MOVE..

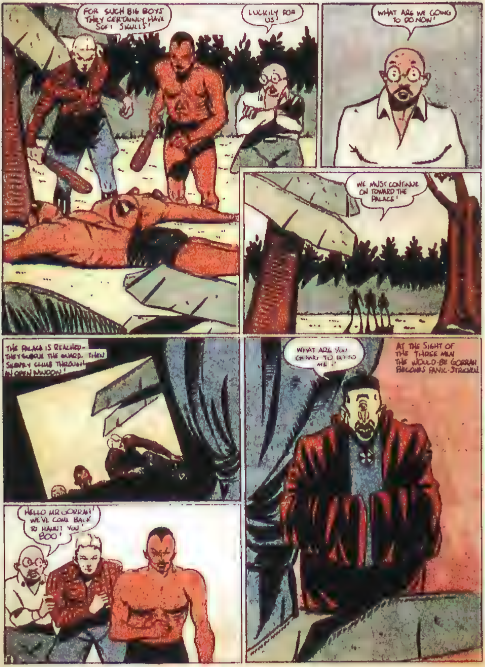

AND NOW MY FRIENDS I MUST BID YOU ADIEU! YOU ARE ABOUT TO PARTAKE OF A JOURNEY FROM WHICH THERE IS NO RETURN!
YOU WILL OBSERVE THAT I AM ABOUT TO PRESS A BUTTON— WHEN I DO—YOU WILL—
DROP!
THE FLOOR OPENS REVEALING A PIT FILLED WITH WATER INTO WHICH TEX AND BOB FALL
SPLASH!
BOB! BOB! ARE YOU ALLRIGHT? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
HERE I AM TEX! PHEW! THAT WAS SOME DROP
WELL, AS LONG AS WE'RE BOTH TOGETHER, IT MAKES THINGS A LITTLE EASIER!
GOODBYE MY FRIENDS! GOODBYE! HEE-HEH HEH-HEH!
AND WITH AN [illegible] LAUGH THE [illegible] SHUTS THE TRAPDOOR

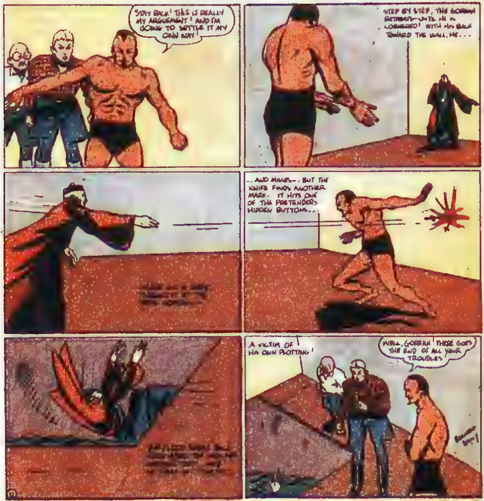

WE'RE NOT DEAD YET, BOB! FORTUNATELY I CAN TOUCH BOTTOM WITH MY FEET! COME ON LETS START SWIMMING!
AFTER HOURS—THAT SEEMED LIKE DAYS—OF ALTERNATELY SWIMMING AND WALKING - TEX AND BOB COME TO A SMALL OPENING IN THE CAVE!
LOOK, BOB! LIGHT! WE'RE NOT LICKED YET!
WE MADE IT! BOY! DON'T THINK WE COULD HAVE HELD OUT MUCH LONGER!
AFTER A LONG REST THEY START EXPLORING AGAIN!
WE STILL MUST BE IN THE SEALED CITY BOB! THESE SEEM TO THE SAME WOODS!
SUDDENLY...
SAY, TEX, LOOK! OVER THERE! IT LOOKS LIKE A...
GOOD LORD!
GOSH!
7
THE SIGHT TURNS THEIR HEARTS COLD A MAN BURIED IN SAND - UP TO HIS NECK. HIS FACE SMEARED WITH HONEY AND LARGE RED ANTS CRAWLING OVER HIM


QUICK, BOB! START DIGGING HIM OUT! I'LL BRUSH AWAY THESE ANTS!
RIGHT!
THEY CARRY THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN TOWARD THE [illegible]
LATER—FULLY REVIVED...
YOU BOTH HAVE SAVED MY LIFE! I AM GRATEFUL TO YOU! YOUR WISH SHALL BE MY COMMAND!
FORGET IT, MAN! BUT WHO WOULD DO A THING LIKE THAT TO YOU? WHO ARE YOU?
I, SIRS, AM THE GORRAH OF THE SEALED CITY!
OH NO! YOU CAN'T FOOL US! WE'VE MET THE GORRAH! AND BESIDES YOU HAVE TWO EYES!
I SPEAK THE TRUTH, SIRS! I AM THE REAL GORRAH!
THE ONE TO WHOM YOU REFER IS AN IMPOSTER! HE TRIED TO PUT ME TO DEATH AND TAKE OVER MY ESTATES! BUT THANKS TO YOU SIRS, HE SHALL NOT SUCCEED!


BUT BACK IN THE PALACE THE PRETENDER SEES EVERTHING IN THE VIEW PLATE...
SO! ALL THREE ARE STILL ALIVE! HM! THIS TIME THERE MUST NOT BE ANY SLIP! SCHAREM! HAWNTEM!
NOW LISTEN CLOSELY SOMEHOW ALL THREE OF MY ENEMIES HAVE ESCAPED DEATH!
THEY MUST DIE! AND IT IS YOUR DUTY TO SEE THAT THEY DO!
IF THEY DO NOT DIE -- THEN MY FAITHFUL SERVANTS YOU WILL BE KILLED IN THEIR PLACES! NOW GO!
SECURE IN THE THOUGHT THAT THE GORZAH THINKS THEM DEAD, THE THREE HEAD FOR THE PALACE.
NOT REALIZING THAT SCHAREM AND HAWNTEM ARE COMING TOWARD THEM..
SOON-SOON, I SHALL BE IN COMPLETE CONTROL, AND THEN...


QUIET! HERE COMES THE ONE-EYED ONES SERVANTS OF EVIL!
YOU TWO HIDE BEHIND THE TREES! I'LL GO OUT AND ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION! I'LL MAKE THEM CHASE ME - AND THEN YOU TWO DO A GOOD JOB ON THEM- PLEASE!
YAH! YAH! HERE I AM---
THE TWO GIANTS GIVE CHASE!
--AND HERE I GO!
THEY'RE COMING! REMEMBER, IT'S ME THEY'RE CHASING! STOP THEM!
CRASH
POW!
SOC
BOY! THOSE TWO ARE OUT LIKE LIGHTS!
SAY! I SURE PUT THEM IN THEIR PLACES-DIDN'T I?


FOR SUCH BIG BOYS THEY CERTAINLY HAVE SOFT SKULLS!
LUCKILY FOR US!
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW!
WE MUST CONTINUE ON TOWARD THE PALACE!
THE PALACE IS REACHED- THEY SUBDUE THE GUARD THEN SILENTLY CLIMB THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME!
AT THE SIGHT OF THE THREE MEN THE WOULD-BE GORRAN BECOMES PANIC-STRICKEN
HELLO MR GORRAN! WE'VE COME BACK TO HAUNT YOU! BOO!


STAY BACK! THIS IS REALLY MY ARGUMENT! AND I'M GOING TO SETTLE IT MY OWN WAY!
STEP BY STEP, THE GORRAH RETREATS—UNTIL HE IS CORNERED! WITH HIS BACK TOWARD THE WALL, HE...
..AND MISSES—. BUT THE KNIFE FINDS ANOTHER MARK. IT HITS ONE OF THE PRETENDERS HIDDEN BUTTONS...
A VICTIM OF HIS OWN PLOTTING!
WELL, GORRAH THERE GOES THE END OF ALL YOUR TROUBLES

WATCH FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES OF TEX THOMSON IN THE "SEALED CITY" NEXT MONTH

"CHUCK" DAWSON

By H. Fleming

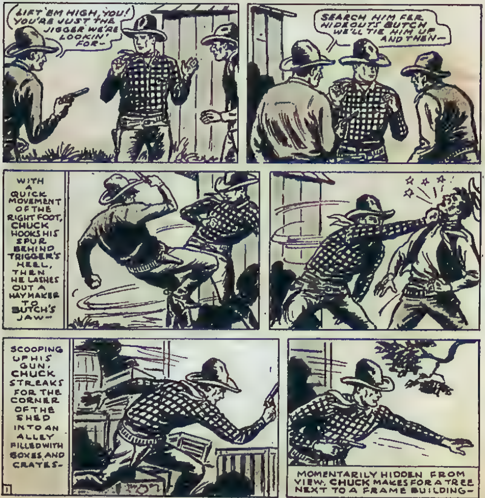
AFTER CHUCK'S ENCOUNTER WITH NOTCH, BURWELL, THE 4-G-OWNER, MAKES THE SHERIFF BELIEVE THAT IT WAS A COLD BLOODED KILLING...

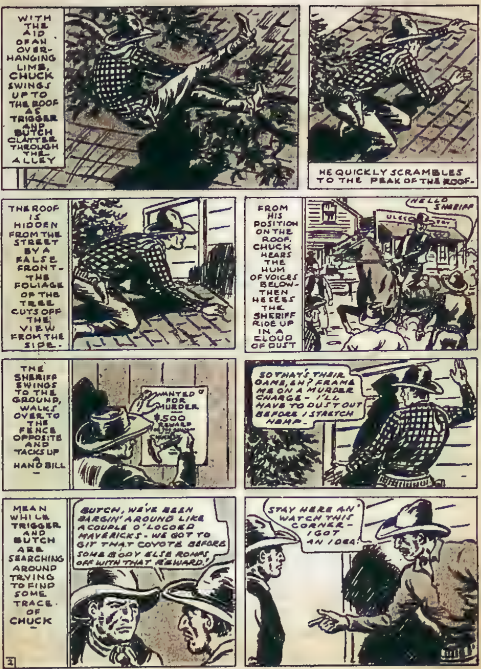
BURWELL HIDES CHUCK'S HORSE AND POSTS HIS MEN AROUND TO KEEP HIM FROM LEAVING TOWN...

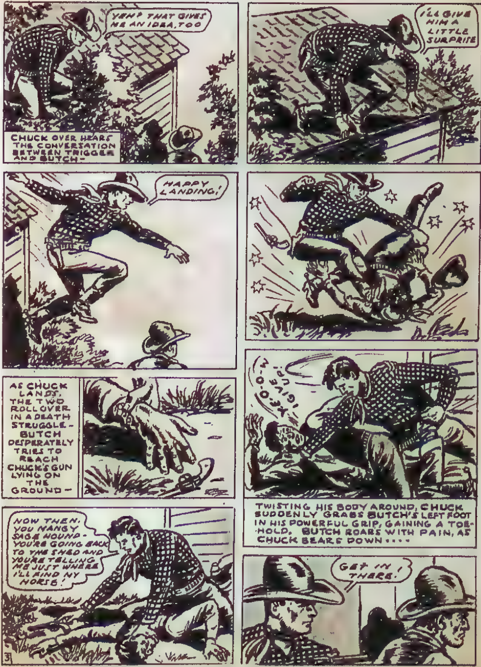
CHUCK CLIMBS ON THE ROOF OF A SHED IN WHICH BUTCH AND TRIGGER ARE WAITING.

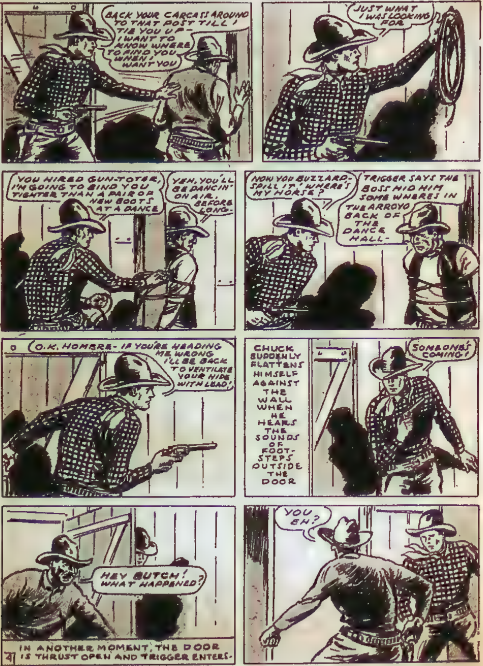
HE FALLS OFF AND BUTCH FINDS HIM, BUT BY A RUSE, CHUCK GETS THE DROP ON HIM -

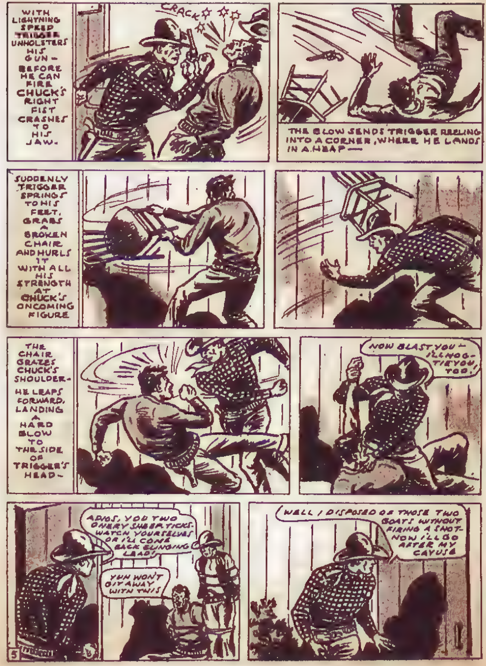
TURNING AROUND, HE FINDS HIMSELF COVERED BY TRIGGER'S GUN -

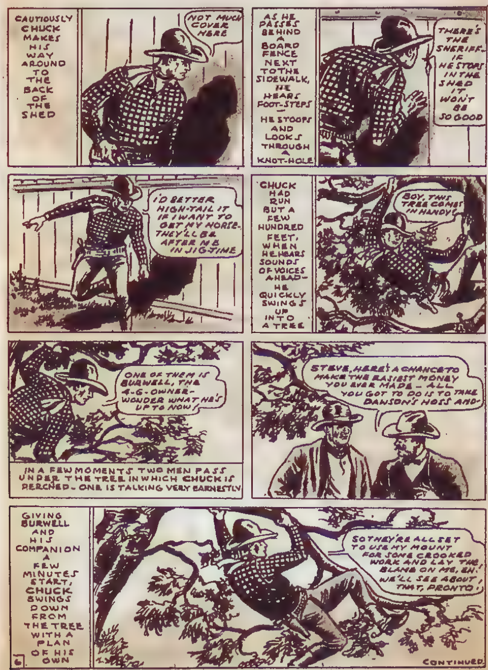

LIFT 'EM HIGH, YOU! YOU'RE JUST THE JIGGER WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR-
SEARCH HIM FER HIDEOUTS BUTCH WE'LL TIE HIM UP AND THEN—
WITH A QUICK MOVEMENT OF THE RIGHT FOOT, CHUCK HOOKS HIS SPUR BEHIND TRIGGER'S HEEL, THEN HE LASHES OUT A HAYMAKER TO BUTCH'S JAW—
SCOOPING UP HIS GUN, CHUCK STREAKS FOR THE CORNER OF THE SHED INTO AN ALLEY FILLED WITH BOXES AND CRATES-
MOMENTARILY HIDDEN FROM VIEW, CHUCK MAKES FOR A TREE NEXT TO A FRAME BUILDING-


WITH THE AID OF AN OVER-HANGING LIMB, CHUCK SWINGS UP TO THE ROOF AS TRIGGER AND BUTCH CLATTER THROUGH THE ALLEY
HE QUICKLY SCRAMBLES TO THE PEAK OF THE ROOF-
THE ROOF IS HIDDEN FROM THE STREET BY A FALSE FRONT-THE FOLIAGE OF THE TREE CUTS OFF THE VIEW FROM THE SIDE.
FROM HIS POSITION ON THE ROOF, CHUCK HEARS THE HUM OF VOICES BELOW-THEN HE SEES THE SHERIFF RIDE UP IN A CLOUD OF DUST
HELLO SHERIFF
THE SHERIFF SWINGS TO THE GROUND, WALKS OVER TO THE FENCE OPPOSITE AND TACKS UP A HAND BILL-
WANTED FOR MURDER
$500 REWARD
SO THAT'S THEIR GAME, EH? FRAME ME ON A MURDER CHARGE- I'LL HAVE TO DUST OUT BEFORE I STRETCH HEMP-
MEANWHILE TRIGGER AND BUTCH ARE SEARCHING AROUND TRYING TO FIND SOME TRACE OF CHUCK-
BUTCH, WE'VE BEEN BARGIN' AROUND LIKE A COUPLE O' LOCOED MAVERICKS- WE GOT TO GIT THAT COYOTE BEFORE SOMEBODY ELSE ROMPS OFF WITH THAT REWARD!
STAY HERE AN' WATCH THIS CORNER- I GOT AN IDEA!


YEH? THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA, TOO
CHUCK OVER HEARS THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN TRIGGER AND BUTCH–
I'LL GIVE HIM A LITTLE SURPRISE
HAPPY LANDING!
AS CHUCK LANDS, THE TWO ROLL OVER IN A DEATH STRUGGLE– BUTCH DESPERATELY TRIES TO REACH CHUCK'S GUN LYING ON THE GROUND–
YEO-O-W! I GIVE UP!
TWISTING HIS BODY AROUND, CHUCK SUDDENLY GRABS BUTCH'S LEFT FOOT IN HIS POWERFUL GRIP, GAINING A TOE-HOLD. BUTCH ROARS WITH PAIN, AS CHUCK BEARS DOWN....
NOW THEN, YOU MANGY SAGE HOUND– YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE SHED AND YOU'RE TELLING ME JUST WHERE I'LL FIND MY HORSE!
3
GET IN THERE!


BACK YOUR CARCASS AROUND TO THAT POST TILL I TIE YOU UP— I WANT TO KNOW WHERE TO FIND YOU WHEN I WANT YOU
JUST WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR
YOU HIRED GUN-TOTER, I'M GOING TO BIND YOU TIGHTER THAN A PAIR OF NEW BOOTS AT A DANCE
YEH, YOU'LL BE DANCIN' ON AIR, BEFORE LONG-
NOW YOU BUZZARD- SPILL IT! WHERE'S MY HORSE?
TRIGGER SAYS THE BOSS HID HIM SOME WHERES IN THE ARROYO BACK OF THE DANCE HALL-
O.K. HOMBRE- IF YOU'RE HEADING ME WRONG I'LL BE BACK TO VENTILATE YOUR HIDE WITH LEAD!
CHUCK SUDDENLY FLATTENS HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL WHEN HE HEARS THE SOUNDS OF FOOT-STEPS OUTSIDE THE DOOR
SOMEONE'S COMING!
HEY BUTCH! WHAT HAPPENED?
IN ANOTHER MOMENT, THE DOOR IS THRUST OPEN AND TRIGGER ENTERS-
YOU EH?


WITH LIGHTNING SPEED [redacted] UNHOLSTERS HIS GUN — BEFORE HE CAN FIRE CHUCK'S RIGHT FIST CRASHES TO HIS JAW.
CRACK
THE BLOW SENDS TRIGGER REELING INTO A CORNER, WHERE HE LANDS IN A HEAP —
SUDDENLY TRIGGER SPRINGS TO HIS FEET, GRABS A BROKEN CHAIR AND HURLS IT WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH AT CHUCK'S ONCOMING FIGURE
THE CHAIR GRAZES CHUCK'S SHOULDER — HE LEAPS FORWARD, LANDING A HARD BLOW TO THE SIDE OF TRIGGER'S HEAD —
NOW BLAST YOU — I'LL HOG-TIE YOU, TOO!
ADIOS, YOU TWO ONERY SHEEP-TICKS. WATCH YOURSELVES OR I'LL COME BACK SLINGING LEAD!
YUH WON'T GIT AWAY WITH THIS
WELL I DISPOSED OF THOSE TWO GOATS WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT — NOW I'LL GO AFTER MY CAYUSE
5

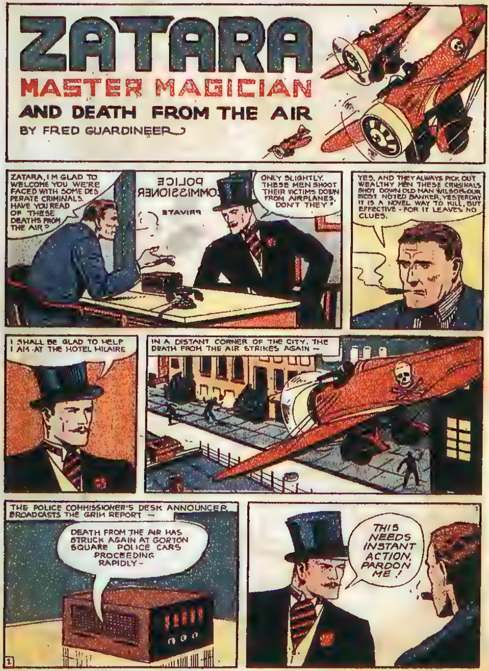

CAUTIOUSLY CHUCK MAKES HIS WAY AROUND TO THE BACK OF THE SHED
NOT MUCH COVER HERE
AS HE PASSES BEHIND A BOARD FENCE NEXT TO THE SIDEWALK, HE HEARS FOOT-STEPS — HE STOOPS AND LOOKS THROUGH A KNOT-HOLE
THERE'S THE SHERIFF— IF HE STOPS IN THE SHED IT WON'T BE SO GOOD
I'D BETTER HIGH-TAIL IT IF I WANT TO GET MY HORSE— THEY'LL BE AFTER ME IN JIG-TIME
CHUCK HAD RUN BUT A FEW HUNDRED FEET, WHEN HE HEARS SOUNDS OF VOICES AHEAD— HE QUICKLY SWINGS UP INTO A TREE
BOY, THIS TREE COMES IN HANDY!
ONE OF THEM IS BURWELL, THE 4-6-OWNER— WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO NOW!
IN A FEW MOMENTS TWO MEN PASS UNDER THE TREE IN WHICH CHUCK IS PERCHED— ONE IS TALKING VERY EARNESTLY
STEVE, HERE'S A CHANCE TO MAKE THE EASIEST MONEY YOU EVER MADE — ALL YOU GOT TO DO IS TO TAKE DAWSON'S HOSS AND—
GIVING BURWELL AND HIS COMPANION A FEW MINUTES START, CHUCK SWINGS DOWN FROM THE TREE WITH A PLAN OF HIS OWN
SO THEY'RE ALL SET TO USE MY MOUNT FOR SOME CROOKED WORK AND LAY THE BLAME ON ME, EH! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, PRONTO!
CONTINUED.

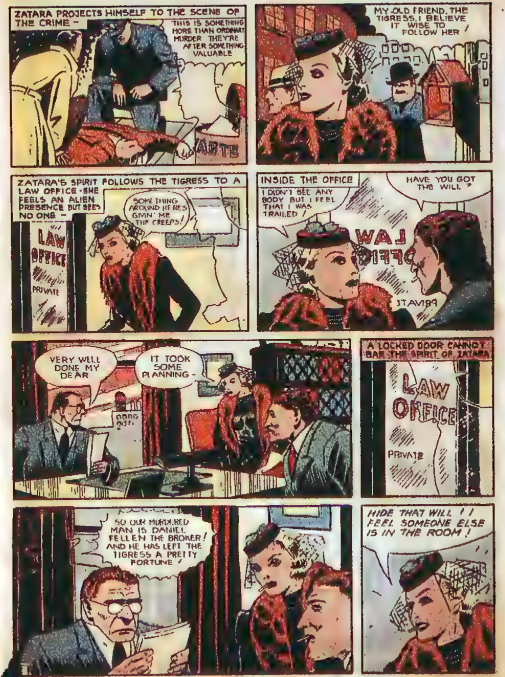
ZATARA

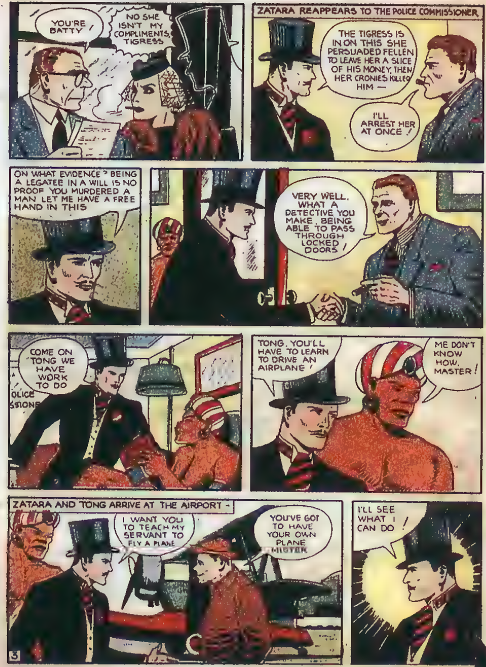
MASTER MAGICIAN

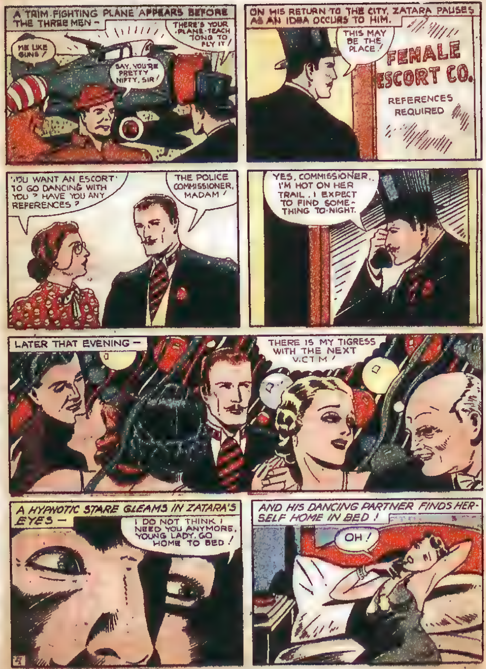
AND DEATH FROM THE AIR

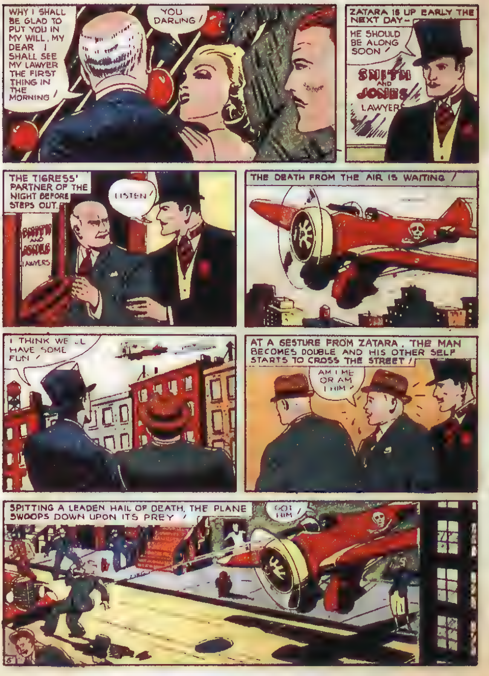
BY FRED GUARDINEER

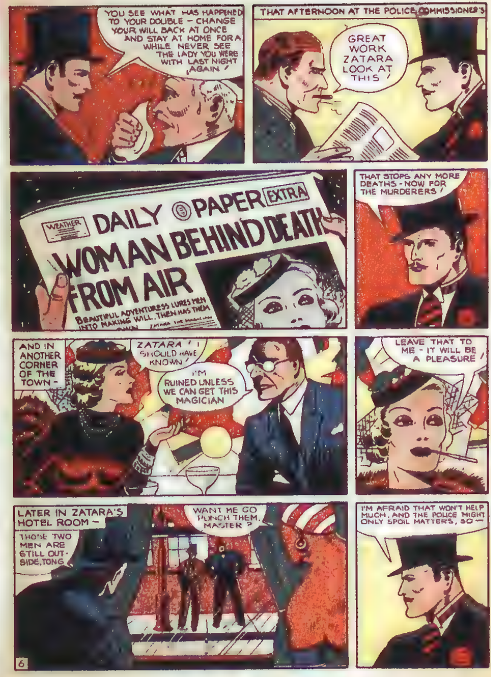

ZATARA, I M GLAD TO WELCOME YOU WE'RE FACED WITH SOME DESPERATE CRIMINALS. HAVE YOU READ OF THESE DEATHS FROM THE AIR?
POLICE COMMISSIONER
PRIVATE
ONLY SLIGHTLY. THESE MEN SHOOT THEIR VICTIMS DOWN FROM AIRPLANES, DON'T THEY?
YES, AND THEY ALWAYS PICK OUT WEALTHY MEN THESE CRIMINALS SHOT DOWN OLD MAN WILSON, OUR MOST NOTED BANKER, YESTERDAY IT IS A NOVEL WAY TO KILL, BUT EFFECTIVE - FOR IT LEAVES NO CLUES.
I SHALL BE GLAD TO HELP I AM AT THE HOTEL HILAIRE
IN A DISTANT CORNER OF THE CITY, THE DEATH FROM THE AIR STRIKES AGAIN —
THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S DESK ANNOUNCER BROADCASTS THE GRIM REPORT —
DEATH FROM THE AIR HAS STRUCK AGAIN AT GORTON SQUARE POLICE CARS PROCEEDING RAPIDLY -
1
THIS NEEDS INSTANT ACTION, PARDON ME!

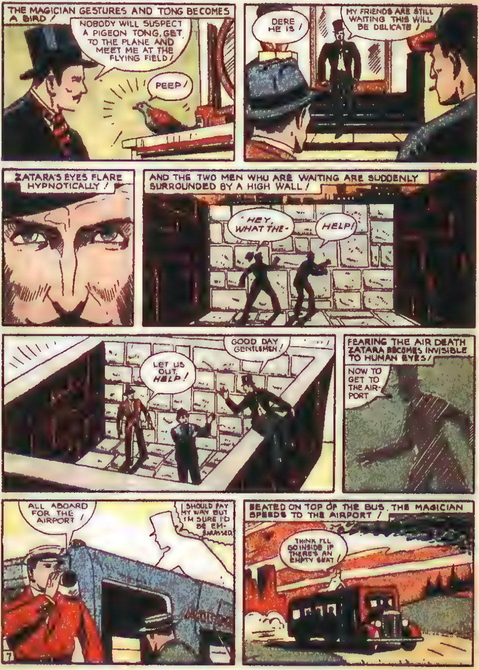

ZATARA PROJECTS HIMSELF TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME -
THIS IS SOMETHING MORE THAN ORDINARY MURDER THEY'RE AFTER SOMETHING VALUABLE
ASTE
MY OLD FRIEND, THE TIGRESS, I BELIEVE IT WISE TO FOLLOW HER !
ZATARA'S SPIRIT FOLLOWS THE TIGRESS TO A LAW OFFICE - SHE FEELS AN ALIEN PRESENCE BUT SEES NO ONE -
SOME THING AROUND HERES GIVIN' ME THE CREEPS!
LAW OFFICE
PRIVATE
INSIDE THE OFFICE
I DIDN'T SEE ANY BODY BUT I FEEL THAT I WAS TRAILED !
HAVE YOU GOT THE WILL ?
VERY WELL DONE MY DEAR
IT TOOK SOME PLANNING -
A LOCKED DOOR CANNOT BAR THE SPIRIT OF ZATARA
LAW OFFICE
PRIVATE
SO OUR MURDERED MAN IS DANIEL FELLEN THE BROKER ! AND HE HAS LEFT THE TIGRESS A PRETTY FORTUNE !
HIDE THAT WILL ! I FEEL SOMEONE ELSE IS IN THE ROOM !

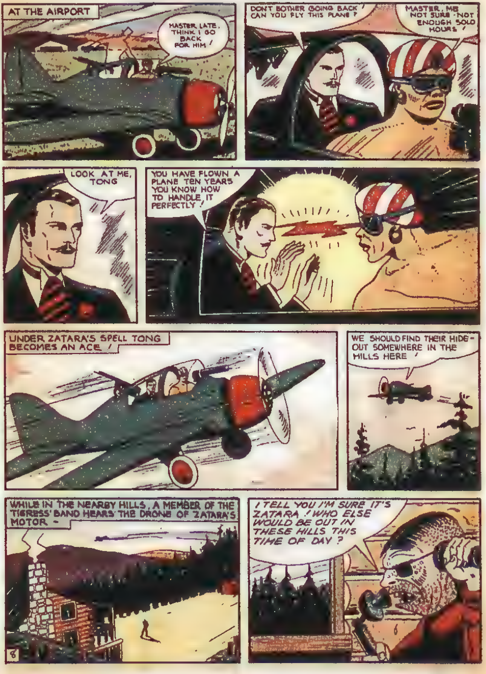

YOU'RE BATTY!
NO SHE ISN'T MY COMPLIMENTS, TIGRESS
ZATARA REAPPEARS TO THE POLICE COMMISSIONER
THE TIGRESS IS IN ON THIS SHE PERSUADED FELLEN TO LEAVE HER A SLICE OF HIS MONEY, THEN HER CRONIES KILLED HIM —
I'LL ARREST HER AT ONCE!
ON WHAT EVIDENCE? BEING A LEGATEE IN A WILL IS NO PROOF YOU MURDERED A MAN LET ME HAVE A FREE HAND IN THIS
VERY WELL. WHAT A DETECTIVE YOU MAKE, BEING ABLE TO PASS THROUGH LOCKED DOORS!
COME ON TONG WE HAVE WORK TO DO
OLICE SSIONE
TONG. YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO DRIVE AN AIRPLANE!
ME DON'T KNOW HOW, MASTER!
ZATARA AND TONG ARRIVE AT THE AIRPORT -
I WANT YOU TO TEACH MY SERVANT TO FLY A PLANE
YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE YOUR OWN PLANE MISTER
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

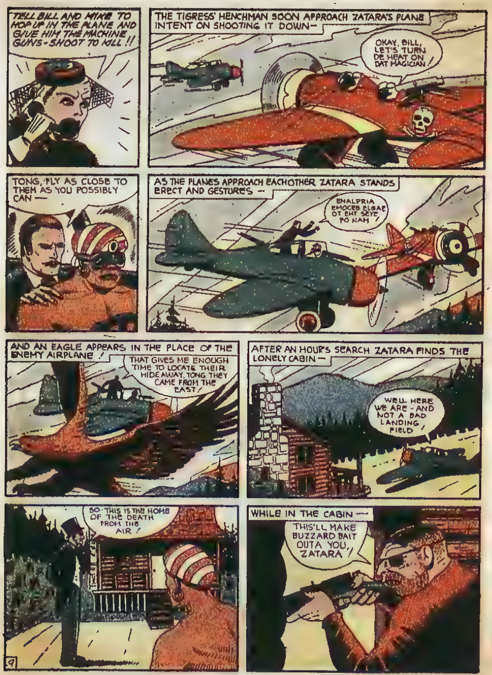

A TRIM FIGHTING PLANE APPEARS BEFORE THE THREE MEN —
THERE'S YOUR PLANE - TEACH TONG TO FLY IT!
ME LIKE GUNS!
SAY, YOU'RE PRETTY NIFTY, SIR!
ON HIS RETURN TO THE CITY, ZATARA PAUSES AS AN IDEA OCCURS TO HIM.
THIS MAY BE THE PLACE!
FEMALE ESCORT CO.
REFERENCES REQUIRED
YOU WANT AN ESCORT TO GO DANCING WITH YOU? HAVE YOU ANY REFERENCES?
THE POLICE COMMISSIONER, MADAM!
YES, COMMISSIONER, I'M HOT ON HER TRAIL. I EXPECT TO FIND SOMETHING TO-NIGHT.
LATER THAT EVENING —
THERE IS MY TIGRESS WITH THE NEXT VICTIM!
A HYPNOTIC STARE GLEAMS IN ZATARA'S EYES —
I DO NOT THINK I NEED YOU ANYMORE, YOUNG LADY. GO HOME TO BED!
AND HIS DANCING PARTNER FINDS HERSELF HOME IN BED!
OH!

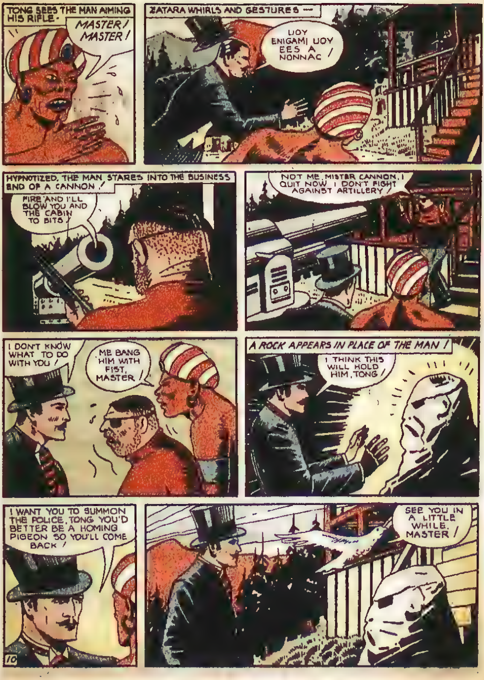

WHY I SHALL BE GLAD TO PUT YOU IN MY WILL, MY DEAR I SHALL SEE MY LAWYER THE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING !
YOU DARLING !
ZATARA IS UP EARLY THE NEXT DAY -
HE SHOULD BE ALONG SOON !
SMITH AND JONES LAWYERS
THE TIGRESS' PARTNER OF THE NIGHT BEFORE STEPS OUT.
LISTEN !
SMITH AND JONES LAWYERS
THE DEATH FROM THE AIR IS WAITING !
I THINK WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN !
AT A GESTURE FROM ZATARA, THE MAN BECOMES DOUBLE AND HIS OTHER SELF STARTS TO CROSS THE STREET !
AM I ME OR AM I HIM ?
SPITTING A LEADEN HAIL OF DEATH, THE PLANE SWOOPS DOWN UPON ITS PREY !
GOT HIM !
6

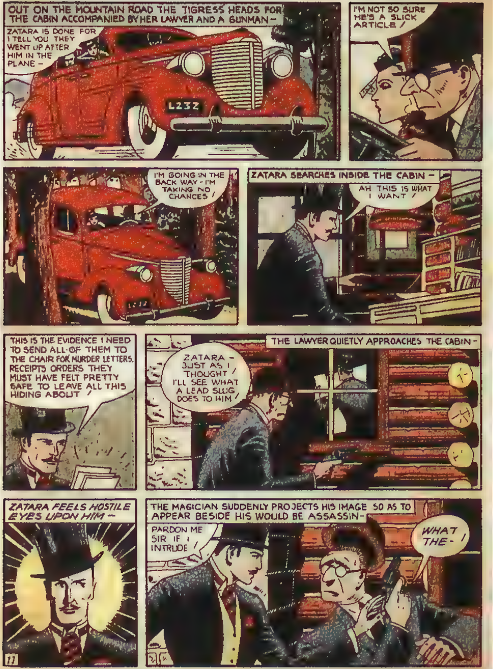

YOU SEE WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOUR DOUBLE - CHANGE YOUR WILL BACK AT ONCE AND STAY AT HOME FOR A WHILE. NEVER SEE THE LADY YOU WERE WITH LAST NIGHT AGAIN!
THAT AFTERNOON AT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S
GREAT WORK ZATARA LOOK AT THIS!
WEATHER
DAILY PAPER EXTRA
WOMAN BEHIND DEATH FROM AIR
BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURESS LURES MEN INTO MAKING WILL. THEN HAS THEM
ZATARA THE MAGICIAN
THAT STOPS ANY MORE DEATHS - NOW FOR THE MURDERERS!
AND IN ANOTHER CORNER OF THE TOWN -
ZATARA! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!
I'M RUINED UNLESS WE CAN GET THIS MAGICIAN
LEAVE THAT TO ME - IT WILL BE A PLEASURE!
LATER IN ZATARA'S HOTEL ROOM -
THOSE TWO MEN ARE STILL OUTSIDE, TONG
WANT ME GO PUNCH THEM, MASTER?
I'M AFRAID THAT WON'T HELP MUCH. AND THE POLICE MIGHT ONLY SPOIL MATTERS, SO -
6

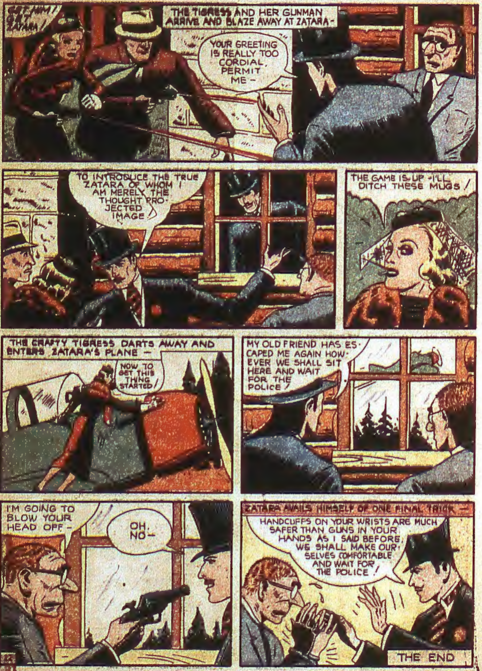

THE MAGICIAN GESTURES AND TONG BECOMES A BIRD!
NOBODY WILL SUSPECT A PIGEON TONG, GET TO THE PLANE AND MEET ME AT THE FLYING FIELD!
PEEP!
DERE HE IS!
MY FRIENDS ARE STILL WAITING THIS WILL BE DELICATE!
ZATARA'S EYES FLARE HYPNOTICALLY!
AND THE TWO MEN WHO ARE WAITING ARE SUDDENLY SURROUNDED BY A HIGH WALL!
HEY, WHAT THE-
HELP!
GOOD DAY GENTLEMEN!
LET US OUT, HELP!
FEARING THE AIR DEATH ZATARA BECOMES INVISIBLE TO HUMAN EYES!
NOW TO GET TO THE AIR-PORT
ALL ABOARD FOR THE AIRPORT!
I SHOULD PAY MY WAY BUT I'M SURE I'D BE EM-BARRASSED.
SEATED ON TOP OF THE BUS, THE MAGICIAN SPEEDS TO THE AIRPORT!
THINK I'LL GO INSIDE IF THERE'S AN EMPTY SEAT!

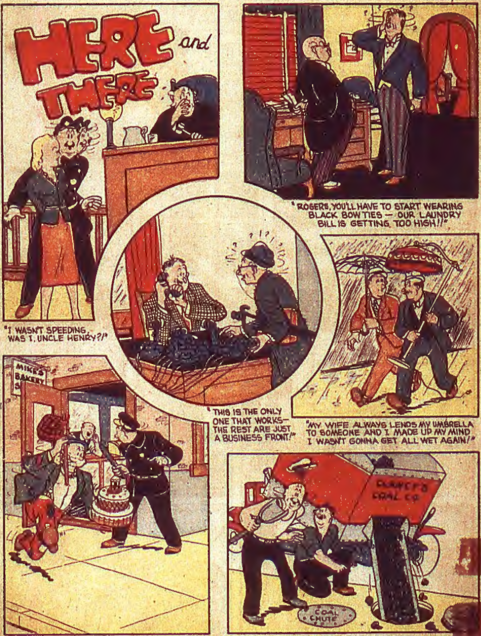

AT THE AIRPORT
MASTER LATE, THINK I GO BACK FOR HIM !
DON'T BOTHER GOING BACK ! CAN YOU FLY THIS PLANE ?
MASTER, ME NOT SURE - NOT ENOUGH SOLO HOURS !
LOOK AT ME, TONG
YOU HAVE FLOWN A PLANE TEN YEARS YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE IT PERFECTLY !
UNDER ZATARA'S SPELL TONG BECOMES AN ACE !
WE SHOULD FIND THEIR HIDE-OUT SOMEWHERE IN THE HILLS HERE !
WHILE IN THE NEARBY HILLS, A MEMBER OF THE TIGRESS' BAND HEARS THE DRONE OF ZATARA'S MOTOR -
I TELL YOU I'M SURE IT'S ZATARA ! WHO ELSE WOULD BE OUT IN THESE HILLS THIS TIME OF DAY ?


TELL BILL AND MIKE TO HOP UP IN THE PLANE AND GIVE HIM THE MACHINE GUNS - SHOOT TO KILL !!
THE TIGRESS' HENCHMAN SOON APPROACH ZATARA'S PLANE INTENT ON SHOOTING IT DOWN—
OKAY, BILL, LET'S TURN DE HEAT ON DAT MAGICIAN !
TONG, FLY AS CLOSE TO THEM AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN —
AS THE PLANES APPROACH EACHOTHER ZATARA STANDS ERECT AND GESTURES —
ENALPRIA EMOCEB ELGAE OT EHT SEYE FO NAM !
AND AN EAGLE APPEARS IN THE PLACE OF THE ENEMY AIRPLANE !
THAT GIVES ME ENOUGH TIME TO LOCATE THEIR HIDEAWAY, TONG. THEY CAME FROM THE EAST !
AFTER AN HOUR'S SEARCH ZATARA FINDS THE LONELY CABIN —
WELL HERE WE ARE - AND NOT A BAD LANDING FIELD !
SO - THIS IS THE HOME OF THE DEATH FROM THE AIR !
9
WHILE IN THE CABIN —
THIS'LL MAKE BUZZARD BAIT OUTA YOU, ZATARA !


TONG SEES THE MAN AIMING HIS RIFLE.
MASTER! MASTER!
ZATARA WHIRLS AND GESTURES —
UOY ENIGAMI UOY EES A NONNAC!
HYPNOTIZED, THE MAN STARES INTO THE BUSINESS END OF A CANNON!
FIRE AND I'LL BLOW YOU AND THE CABIN TO BITS!
NOT ME, MISTER CANNON. I QUIT NOW. I DON'T FIGHT AGAINST ARTILLERY!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YOU!
ME BANG HIM WITH FIST, MASTER!
A ROCK APPEARS IN PLACE OF THE MAN!
I THINK THIS WILL HOLD HIM, TONG!
I WANT YOU TO SUMMON THE POLICE, TONG. YOU'D BETTER BE A HOMING PIGEON SO YOU'LL COME BACK!
SEE YOU IN A LITTLE WHILE, MASTER!


OUT ON THE MOUNTAIN ROAD THE TIGRESS HEADS FOR THE CABIN ACCOMPANIED BY HER LAWYER AND A GUNMAN -
ZATARA IS DONE FOR I TELL YOU THEY WENT UP AFTER HIM IN THE PLANE -
L232
I'M NOT SO SURE HE'S A SLICK ARTICLE !
I'M GOING IN THE BACK WAY - I'M TAKING NO CHANCES !
ZATARA SEARCHES INSIDE THE CABIN -
AH THIS IS WHAT I WANT !
THIS IS THE EVIDENCE I NEED TO SEND ALL OF THEM TO THE CHAIR FOR MURDER LETTERS, RECEIPTS ORDERS THEY MUST HAVE FELT PRETTY SAFE TO LEAVE ALL THIS HIDING ABOUT !
THE LAWYER QUIETLY APPROACHES THE CABIN -
ZATARA - JUST AS I THOUGHT ! I'LL SEE WHAT A LEAD SLUG DOES TO HIM !
ZATARA FEELS HOSTILE EYES UPON HIM -
11
THE MAGICIAN SUDDENLY PROJECTS HIS IMAGE SO AS TO APPEAR BESIDE HIS WOULD BE ASSASSIN -
PARDON ME SIR IF I INTRUDE !
WHAT THE - !


GET HIM! GET ZATARA!
THE TIGRESS AND HER GUNMAN ARRIVE AND BLAZE AWAY AT ZATARA -
YOUR GREETING IS REALLY TOO CORDIAL, PERMIT ME -
TO INTRODUCE THE TRUE ZATARA OF WHOM I AM MERELY THE THOUGHT PROJECTED IMAGE
THE GAME IS UP - I'LL DITCH THESE MUGS!
THE CRAFTY TIGRESS DARTS AWAY AND ENTERS ZATARA'S PLANE -
NOW TO GET THIS THING STARTED!
MY OLD FRIEND HAS ESCAPED ME AGAIN HOWEVER WE SHALL SIT HERE AND WAIT FOR THE POLICE!
I'M GOING TO BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF -
OH, NO -
ZATARA AVAILS HIMSELF OF ONE FINAL TRICK -
HANDCUFFS ON YOUR WRISTS ARE MUCH SAFER THAN GUNS IN YOUR HANDS AS I SAID BEFORE, WE SHALL MAKE OURSELVES COMFORTABLE AND WAIT FOR THE POLICE!
THE END



"I WASN'T SPEEDING, WAS I, UNCLE HENRY?!"

"ROGERS, YOU'LL HAVE TO START WEARING BLACK BOW TIES — OUR LAUNDRY BILL IS GETTING TOO HIGH!!"

"THIS IS THE ONLY ONE THAT WORKS— THE REST ARE JUST A BUSINESS FRONT!"

"MY WIFE ALWAYS LENDS MY UMBRELLA TO SOMEONE AND I MADE UP MY MIND I WASN'T GONNA GET ALL WET AGAIN!"

"NEVER MIND, MURPHY — HE'LL BE MORE SURPRISED WHEN HE FINDS OUT IT'S ONLY A CARDBOARD DUMMY!!"

"ISN'T THAT FUNNY — THAT SEWER HOLE LOOKED JUST LIKE THE COAL-CHUTE!?"

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2. When you finish drawing the character, take out your water colors or crayons and color the picture.

3. Then print your name and address clearly in the coupon in the lower right hand corner and mail it in together with your drawing to this magazine.

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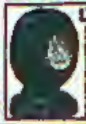

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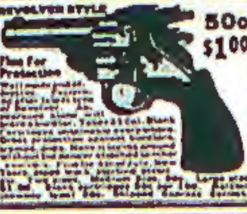

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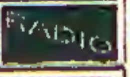

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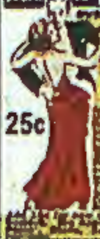

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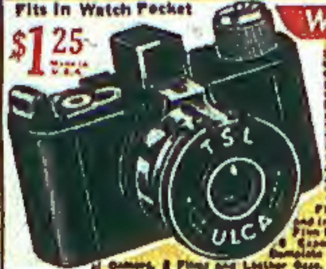

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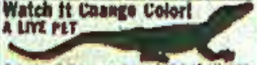

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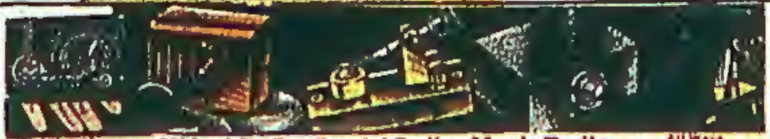

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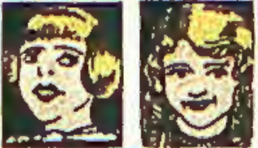

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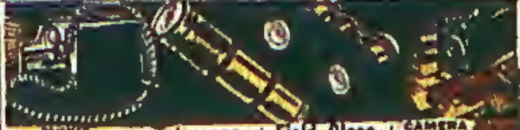

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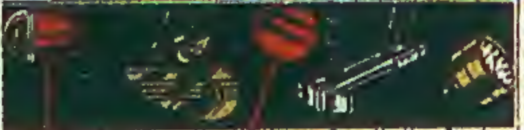

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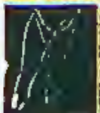

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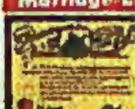

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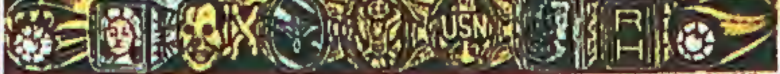

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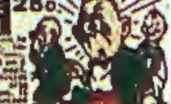

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